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D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS on "The Last Highlander"

the BYSTANDER

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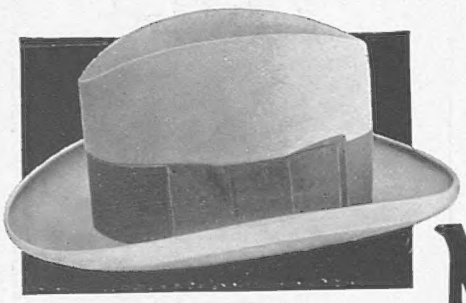

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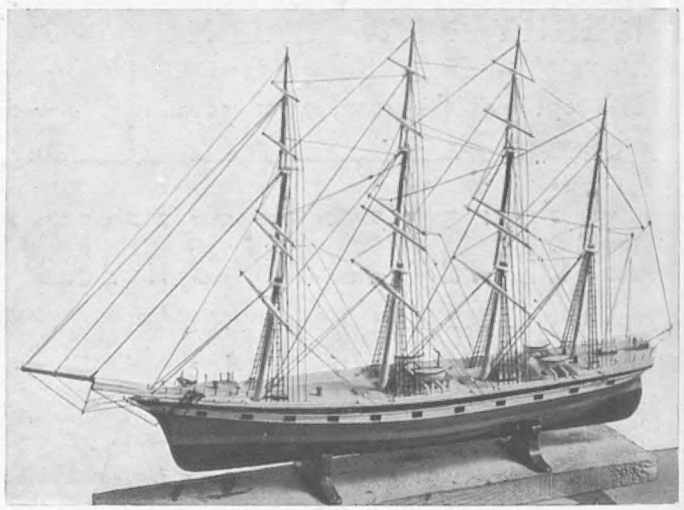
"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

The Bystander, June 3, 1931

the BYSTANDER

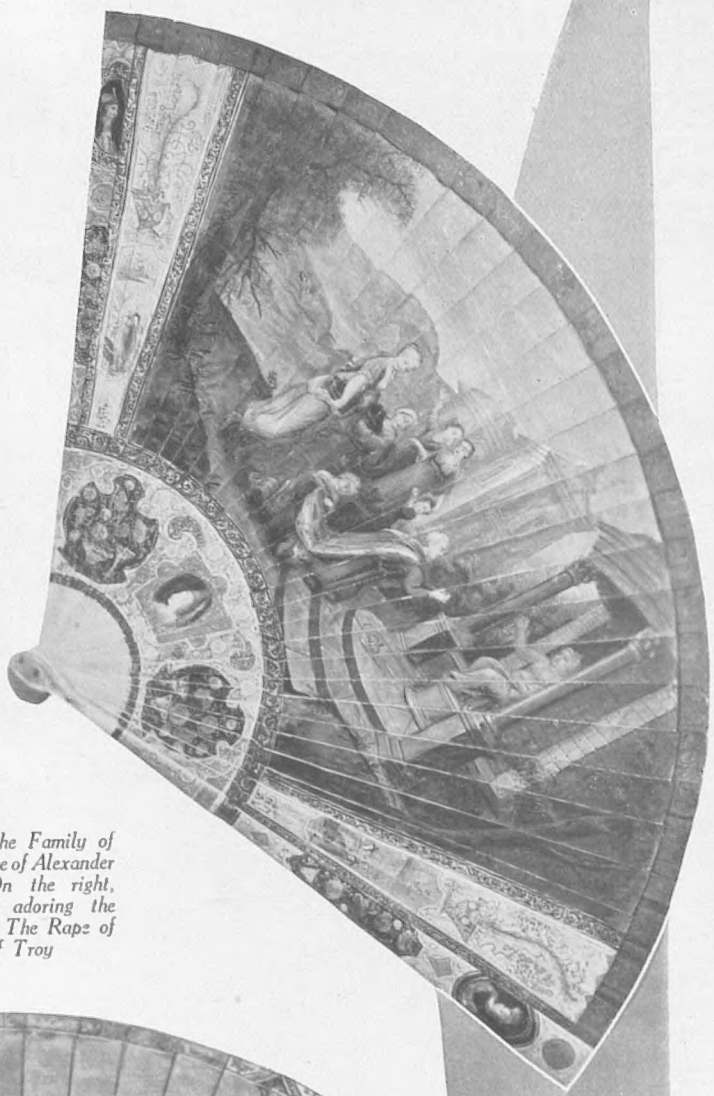
No. 1433 Vol. CX.

Yevonde

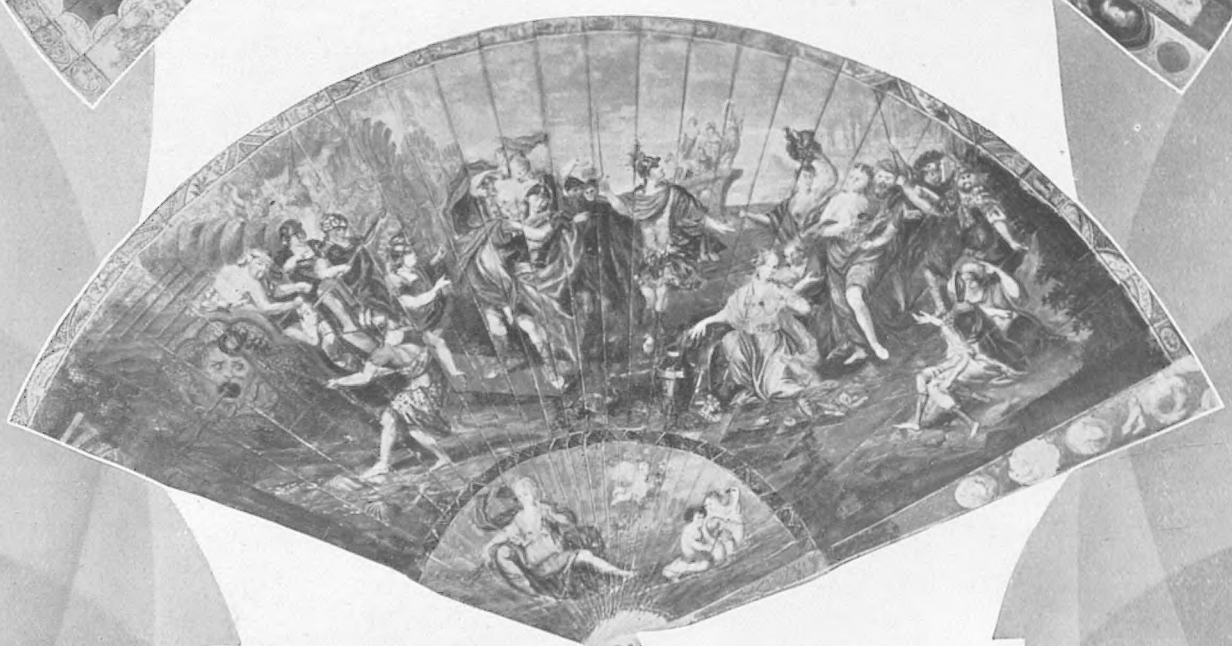
THE SULTANA OF JOHORE

Of Scottish descent, she was presented at the second Court on her marriage to H.H. Sir Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, which took place last October. Johore is one of the non-federated Malay States, situated on the southern extremity of the peninsula, with an area of 7,678 square miles and a population of over 330,000. By treaty the Sultan accepts and acts upon the advice of a British officer called the General Adviser

BEAUTIFUL FANS ON EXHIBITION



On the left, the Family of Darius at the fête of Alexander the Great. On the right, King Solomon adoring the Idols. Below, The Rape of Helen of Troy



Photographs by Sasha

A loan exhibition of works of art in aid of the East London Hospital for Children was opened at the Dorchester Hotel on May 28 last, and will continue open until June 18. Among the exhibits are twelve of the exquisite Louis XV Vernis-Martin fans which Mrs. Emile Wertheimer has kindly loaned from her wonderful collection, three of which are reproduced above

"HIKING"—THE OLD PASTIME WITH THE NEW NAME

Throughout the country walking, under the designation of hiking—a word difficult to find in any dictionary—is being freely indulged in by both men and women, and, as will be seen above, a picture taken at the picturesque village of Bury, in Sussex, shows that the costume of the male has been adopted by the gentler sex

the passing hour

IN a week crowded with gaiety, starred with new restaurants, jammed with charity and private dances, and riddled with rumours about the King of Spain, the outstanding event was undoubtedly the appearance of Mrs. Claude Beddington at the reception given to Argentina at the Dorchester. For Mrs. Beddington appeared in a pre-war type of Ascot hat, short skirts, and a shooting stick, the base of which she drove into the thick carpet while she sat at ease on the other end. H. M. Bateman will be green with envy that he did not think of this first.

THIS Argentina reception, though primarily only a publicity party for a Spanish dancer, developed into rather more than this, for the new Republican Spanish Ambassador was making his first public appearance, and everyone was very inquisitive about him. Señor Ayala looks not much more than a boy, and yet seemed quite at ease, although his American wife did not face the ordeal and, in fact, stayed way. I may add that at Argentina's first matinee, the Spanish Ambassador asked Mr. Cochran whether he might not throw his hat on the stage—Spanish fashion. Hardly had he been told that it was not "done" than Morales, the Spanish conductor, did so amid the wildest enthusiasm.

DOUBLE
SUMMER
NUMBER
NEXT
WEEK

ONE SHILLING
ONLY

AMONG the guests at the reception was Wing-Commander Louis Greig, who was saying how two unfortunate stockbrokers had been "hammered" that day. Very properly, though most of the newspapers said nothing about it, so that the returning confidence in the Stock Exchange should not be damped.

ANOTHER guest was Lady Astor's sister, Mrs. Paul Phipps. who was in extremely good form. As she said good-bye she drew up the end of her skirt and said, "I think people were much luckier before the War when they just stooped forward like this and picked up their train instead of having to shake hands with everyone before saying good-bye"—and away she went.

Miss Pamela Armstrong, twelve years of age, who is the heiress to Melba's jewels, valued at over £14,000, as well as benefiting as a residuary legatee under the late diva's £200,000 will

BRITAIN LEADS IN OCEAN LUXURY

WILL CAMERONIAN WIN THE DERBY?

Our racing expert, as will be seen below, says that his confidence in this horse is unshaken, but he also suggests that Orpen and Doctor Dolittle are two colts which will stay the distance

W. A. Rouch

THERE were many good reasons why Whitsun was cut short this year, chief among them being the opening of the Military Tournament, at which Harry Preston sat in the Royal Box with Tom Shaw, the Secretary of State for War, and, as he said afterwards, nearly took the salute himself. There was also the opening of the Chantilly, the Malmaison, and the Monseigneur, of which more anon.

S

THE Waterloo Ball, to which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has given his patronage, and which opens Ascot week, will be not only one of the most picturesque, but one of the most interesting balls held in London for a long time. It is to be held at Grosvenor House on June 15, the 116th anniversary of the famous ball in Brussels of 1815. Lady Douro, daughter-in-law of the

RACING HINTS

(By "Old Orkney")

For the Derby my faith in CAMERONIAN is unshaken, but in addition I shall have each-way wagers on two colts that will stay the distance. They are ORPEN and DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

For the Oaks I have a strong tip from France for TANTINE.

Followers of my Selected Horses to support until they win seek advice on how to act when two or more of these horses appear in one race. Back all each way with a level stake, and only increase stakes in cases where one horse only is running. Add to the list:—

CARNIA was a late order at Yarmouth, being backed from 8 to 1 down to 5 to 1. Was leading at half way, but finished third in a field of eighteen. A very fast filly.

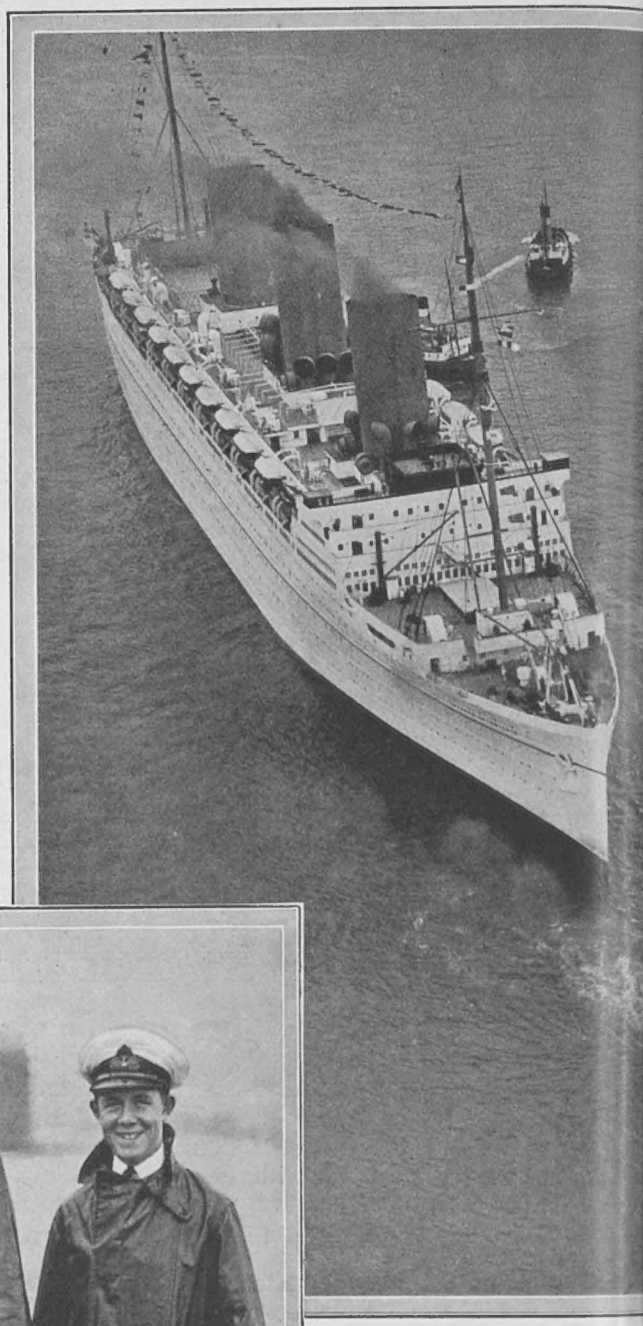
PORTOFINO, finished fourth in a sprint race at Manchester. Was confidently expected.

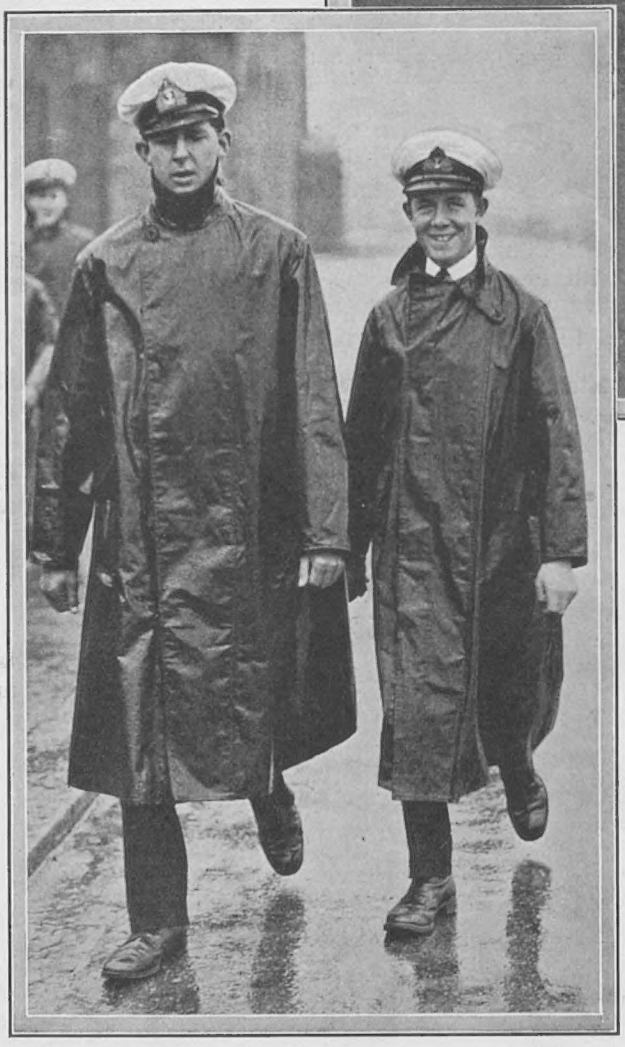
ANNIE MADDEN is a very game filly and failed only by a head in an exciting finish to hold off the smart Miss Cheek filly. Will soon earn winning brackets.

PARTHENON is on the big side and showed up in the early stages of a race over seven furlongs at Hurst Park. Will pay to follow.

ALEXIS will prove a money spinner. Was only one length behind Apperley after running very gamely at Hurst Park

ORBITE II was very speedy over five furlongs at Hurst Park. Was up against something very smart in Red Queen.





Above: A photograph of the new luxury liner, "Empress of Britain," owned by the C.P.R., Canada's largest liner, taken from the air showing the new vessel leaving on her maiden voyage to America. In his capacity as Master of the Merchant Navy, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales flew to Southampton to visit the liner, which he launched at Clydebank less than a year ago

On the left: Don Juan, the son of King Alfonso, seen as he was leaving the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, where he is a cadet, to attend Sunday morning Mass at the Roman Catholic Church

THE WATERLOO BALL REPRODUCED AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales with Capt. R. G. Latta, captain of the "Empress of Britain," and Mr. E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, photographed on board when paying a last-minute visit to the ship to wish bon voyage to the maiden trip

present Duke of Wellington, who is chairman of the Ball Committee, will also act as hostess.

THE large ballroom at Grosvenor House will be transformed into a replica of the Duchess of Richmond's ballroom in Brussels; the windows will look out on the old streets of Brussels and its surroundings and the cobbled courtyard outside the house to the front door, on each side of which powdered footmen will stand and will line the steps into the ballroom. They will wear the original liveries worn by the footmen who were lent by Sir Charles Stuart when he was British Minister in Brussels at the time of Waterloo, to the Duchess of Richmond for her ball. The costumes are being lent by Major-General Stuart Wortley.

LATER on, trumpeters will sound a fanfare, and gradually above the music of a dreamy waltz the guns are heard, the call to arms, and the trampling of the populace, and the assembling army outside the house. Pipers will enter the ballroom, the red glow in the windows gradually dying down. The sounds of the pipes fade into the distance, and very quietly modern dance music breaks the spell.

No expense has been spared in the decorations of the "Empress of Britain," and the aid of notable artists has been enlisted to add to her adornment. The picture above is a photograph of a panel painted by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, R.A., depicting "Samuel Champlain bringing his bride to Quebec, 1620." This panel is hung on the staircase

FOR the first time for some months I made almost a complete round of the town on Wednesday evening, and it was reassuring to see hardly a vacant table at any of the restaurants or clubs I visited. It is true that the Embassy was not crowded, but members enjoyed the unusual spectacle of seeing the Marquise de Casa Maury in a pair of orange-coloured pyjamas—they call them trouser skirts—with large beige roses on them.

IT is also true that the ball organised by Lady Muriel Paget at Grosvenor House was not as full as it might be, although tables were taken by Lady Diana Worthington, Sir Julien Cahn, Lady Chalmers, and others, but, then, this was the night when three new restaurants opened their doors, and the Ritz Hotel held it twenty-fifth anniversary ball, and Lady Tweeddale was giving a dance for Lady Helene Hay, Rex Evans was making his reappearance at the Piccadilly, and Marion Harris was returning to the Café de Paris.

TO begin with the Monseigneur—this new venture is at the south-west corner of Piccadilly Circus, and reminds me of Chez Brummel at Deauville. In size it is half-way between the Kit-Cat and the Café Anglais, and is decorated with a royal blue and rose-red colour scheme. "Infernally attractive," someone said. Here Douglas Byng holds sway—but a chastened Byng. Taglioni tells me that on Derby night the prices are the same as usual, which means that a supper-cabaret is served at 15*s.* 6*d.*

NOVEL CHARITY RACING AT NORTHOLT PARK

The London-Edinburgh Motor Trial this year caused both difficulty and annoyance to competitors, not so much owing to the steep gradient of Park Rash Hill, in Yorkshire, but to the shocking surface. The picture shows D. B. Payne, with his Wolsey Hornet, receiving welcome assistance from spectators—not to mention a trace horse—in an attempt to reach the summit

NEXT comes the Malmaison, with Ferraro, of Ciro's, in charge. This is a typical Sovrani venture—well lighted and soigné, with excellent cooking, a first-class band, and an air of discreet opulence. There is also the Chantilly, but I did not have time to visit it. However, I went to the Ritz and found it crowded. They were playing "The Blue Danube," and some of the guests were dancing under the sky on the verandah overlooking the Green Park.

REX EVANS drew a large crowd to the Piccadilly. He has lost two stone in weight, but none of his gift for patter. He has a whole new repertoire of songs, and tells stories of his nine months' visit to New York. The Hon. Pamela Boscawen, Captain Barnato, and Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale were among the guests on the opening night. I think that Rex Evans should have a great success here.

REX EVANS, when he opened the Club Anglaise in New York, definitely refused to have anything to do with the illegal sales of liquor, but, had he wished, there would have been no difficulty in obtaining supplies, as he was worried every day by countless bootleggers. The fact of his not selling drink made very little difference. As soon as this became known, his guests brought their drinks with them. "Not always on the hip," as many sent in large supplies, even cases of champagne, in readiness for their parties.

GENERAL Sir Hubert Gough is taking a keen interest in the organisation of an afternoon of pony racing at Northolt Park on June 22, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. He has himself put up the stakes for one of the races, and other honorary officials of the hospital are taking the financial responsibility for the other five. The races will be run under the rules of the Pony Turf Club, and names of owners and ponies will be given correctly, but each pony will be "nominated" by a well-known stage favourite, who will be present to see the race run. Tom Walls, Fay Compton, Madeleine Carroll, Carl Brisson, and a number of other stage friends of the hospital are taking part in this unique sport-cum-charity event, which promises to provide plenty of fun as well as first-class sport.

Another car in difficulties on Park Rash Hill, in the London-Edinburgh Motor Trial. No horse was available, but other willing helpers lend assistance to Mr. M. Mitchell and his Bentley

Lenare

Miss Diana Henderson, elder daughter of the Hon. Arnold and Mrs. Henderson, of Writtle Park, Chelmsford, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. David Forbes, Coldstream Guards, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbes, of Callender

ALTHOUGH it was primarily a debutantes' affair, the Queen Charlotte Ball was still in full swing at 3.30 a.m. next morning, and, incidentally, the extension of the licence lasted until 3 a.m. It was one of the best dances I have ever been to. The hundred years of ball-room dancing was an admirable idea, very prettily carried out. This began at 1 a.m.,

PRESENTATIONS IN THE DIPLOMATIC CIRCLE

Lafayette

On the left: Madame de Blesson, wife of M. J. de Blesson, Third Secretary at the French Embassy in London, who was presented at the last Court

Lafayette

On the right: Madame Voruz, wife of the French Military Attaché to the Court of St. James's

Above: Mlle. Mari Matsudaira, youngest daughter of the Japanese Ambassador, photographed just before leaving for last week's Court

Lafayette

On the left: Madame Oberg, wife of the Swedish Naval Attaché to the Court of St. James's, presented at the last Court

Lafayette

On the right: Miss Vera Selby, daughter of Mr. Walford Harmood Montague Selby, C.B., C.V.O., M.V.O., of the Foreign Office, a debutante at the last Court

LONDON'S GAY SEASON IN FULL SWING

The first matinee given by Argentina at the Adelphi Theatre last week was attended by a fashionable audience, amongst whom other famous dancers were conspicuous. Above is Nikitina, the Russian dancer, snapped in the stalls during an interval

It was only natural that some of her compatriots should be present at the Adelphi to welcome Argentina, and included in the group above are the Spanish Ambassador, Senor Ayala, who is a well-known literary man, with his wife beside him, while at the back are Senora Sans Zavor, wife of the Minister of Council, and Senora Valdez, wife of the First Secretary

for debutantes go to bed later than ever nowadays.

S

NOT that all the dancers of the 1830 quadrille and the 1850 polka and the 1875 Viennese waltz were exactly debutantes. Lady Newnes took part in the quadrille, Lady George Cholmondeley in the polka, and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger in the waltz. Still, the barn dance was an exclusively debutante affair, with Miss Mary Dunn, Miss Virginia Rothermel, Miss Camella Russell, and Miss Mollie Towle.

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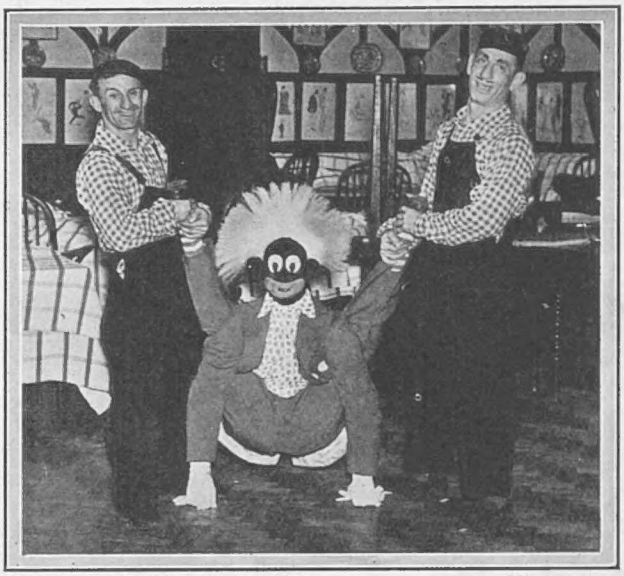
EARLIER in the evening the traditional cutting of the Queen Charlotte Birthday Cake was performed by Lady Patricia Ramsay, whose



The Lone Trio including the Golliwog, a new and marvellous turn performing in Ciro's cabaret. This golliwog seems to enjoy being tied into knots

maid-in-waiting was the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis. Among the maids of honour were Lady Marguerite Bligh, Lady Helene Hay, Lady Katherine Lindsay, Miss Nan McGowan, and Lady Diana Wellesley. At this dance people were still talking about the shortage of young men at Lady Tweeddale's ball the night before. The rumour was that someone had given a private stag-party of 82 young men, which accounted for the deficiency.

S

THERE were any number of surplus young men at Mrs. Wendell's ball at the Ritz, which was given the same evening as the Queen Charlotte Ball. This was an excellent dance, and reminded one very much of 1919, when Miss Catherine Wendell, as Lady Carnarvon was then, came out. Mrs. Peter Thursby and several other young married women who were debutantes just after the War were present, as well as Lady Galloway, Lady Carnarvon's sister, Jack Mitford, Lady Leigh, and large numbers of the American colony.

S

THE peripatetic Mr. Jim Lawrence made an appearance at this dance, too. What with dances, and cricket-fixtures at his father's place, Hyde Hall, near Sawbridgeworth, Mr. Lawrence leads a very busy life. Incidentally, he told me that Mr. Martin Smith, the new English amateur golf champion, decided only at the last minute to enter for the championship at Westward Ho!

Photographs *Sasha*

A party which enjoyed the Golliwog's contortions at Ciro's. Reading from left to right: Mrs. Bonsor, Captain Gibbs, Mrs Gibbs and Mr. Bonsor

FAMOUS DANCERS WELCOME LA ARGENTINA

The film world was represented at the Argentina matinee by Mr. Edward Goulding, the renowned British producer, who says Hollywood is played out. He is seen talking to Lady Hamond-Græne

Another famous dancer present to applaud Argentina was Madame Lopokova, (in private life the wife of the celebrated economist, Mr. J. M Keynes) photographed with Mr. Ashton

Mr. Martin Smith's handicap at St. George's was 2 before he won his title. I suppose now they have put him up to plus 3, which will make it difficult for him to win many club events.

NICKNAMES are very deceptive things. Mr. Jim Lawrence, for example, was not baptised "James." His real name is something quite different, but I don't know what, though I have known him for years. In the same way I first met Mr. "Dod" Frankland, Lady Zouche's son, seven years ago in Cairo, and to this day I don't know what his real Christian name is. This, incidentally, accounts for the fact that, when I saw that Mr. R. Frankland had got married secretly at Christ Church, Down Street, and, knowing that Mr. Dod Frankland was engaged, I jumped to the conclusion that it was Mr. "Dod" Frankland who had got married.

ACTUALLY, however, it was his brother who had got married. Mr. "Dod" Frankland is marrying his fiancée, Miss Fox, in Cheshire next month—on July 9, to be exact. Mr. Frankland, who is in the 15th/19th Hussars, is stationed at Salisbury, being on the Headquarters of the Southern Command. His initials are T. W. A., and I am terribly sorry if I have caused him any inconvenience by the muddle.

I HAD almost forgotten to mention Whitsun at Le Touquet. Fortunately, the weather was fine for everyone who stayed on over Sunday. Captain and Mrs. Cecil Pim, Lady Annaly, Lady Lymington, Lord Caledon, Lieut.-Col. H. Boyd-Rochfort, Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Peter and Lady Ryland were among the visitors.

Stage representatives at the Adelphi matinee were Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale, who themselves are not entirely unacquainted with the art of Terpsichore

Photographs *Sasha*

Alanova, another famous dancer, caught in the vestibule of the Adelphi Theatre previous to the special matinee given by Argentina

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

HELLO . . . Mayfair double-owe-four-three . . . Hello, good-morning, darling. . . . I've just met one of the most beautiful women in London. . . . Ah, I thought you would be curious, Baa, dear . . . Princess von Bismarck . . . she gets lovelier every day. . . . Yes, they have only been back in England a week . . . she adores her two babies . . . and told me that the eldest one . . . yes, a girl . . . will soon be celebrating her second birthday. . . . I'm so thrilled about the engagement between Elwyn Rhys and Diana Sloane-Stanley. . . . Diana, as you know, is so good at tennis, besides being attractive . . . and Elwyn has brains and charm. . . . Phyllis Alpey is a darling, too, who is engaged to "Jix's" son . . . she is fair and blue-eyed, but her fiancé rather alarms me . . . he has a brusque "hurry-up-and-say-it" manner. . . . Fiona Pratt is to be married on July 20, so she is dashing around in search of a trousseau. . . . I think Gerald Fuller is so attractive and such good fun . . . in fact, I'm quite jealous . . . but my boy friends feel the opposite way inclined, because Fiona is lovely. . . .

S

WHEN people and newspapers choose the "best-dressed" women in London they always select the very rich ones. . . . I shall tell you who . . . in my opinion . . . are the three smartest rich ones. . . . Edwina Mountbatten, of course . . . she heads every list . . . Betty du Prét-Roose, who was Betty Garland . . . and the lovely golden-haired wife of Claude Leigh. All three have perfect taste, but they also have the advantage of being able to use chinchilla and sable as trimmings . . . and of having a different dress for every night of the week. . . .

S

NINA SEAFIELD writes to say that she and her husband, Derek Studley-Herbert, are having a wonderful time in the South of France . . . for one thing, Nina finds housekeeping very simplified . . . with two French servants and a chauffeur-butler-valet combined the entire villa is run like clockwork . . . and there is no trouble if they bring a dozen extra back to luncheon . . . so different from English servants, who find every other thing is "not their work." . . . Aren't women inconsistent? . . . The pretty wife of a millionaire . . . who is noted for his luck at the tables . . . has her face "done" every day in London by an Elizabeth Arden girl . . . but her golden hair remains week after week brown to the roots. . . .

S

IT is quite a new idea for blondes to wear scarlet in the daytime, but Joan Barry looks lovely in a complete "get-up" of this vivid colour, with her hair in rows of little curls under a beret. . . . Aileen Campbell . . . who is the sister of Gar Emmett . . . was also daring the same combination . . . I hear . . . in the North . . . her husband is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. . . . Vera Broughton, another blonde . . . never alters her colour scheme . . . she dresses to match her eyes, and always wears blue. . . .

Yevonde

Miss Diana Sloane-Stanley, daughter of Major Sloane-Stanley, whose engagement to the Hon. Elwyn Rhys, second son of Lord Dynevor, has just been announced. Miss Sloane-Stanley is a well-known lawn tennis player who can hold her own in the best of company, and is, in addition, a first-rate golfer

S

THERE is much speculation as to whether a certain peer, very recently freed from the bonds of matrimony . . . will marry a much-talked-of girl who until now has kept a remarkably whole heart from the wiles of men. . . .

S

I SAW Catherine Carnarvon looking so lovely last week . . . she never seems to alter, but looks just the same as when she was Catherine Wendell . . . she spends very little time in London . . . preferring to be with her children in the country. . . . Catherine is always racing, and has the most attractive clothes for every occasion. . . .

ADA MACNAGHTEN is very thrilled about her first concert, which she is giving at the Wigmore Hall in July in aid of Working Boys' Clubs. . . . Ada is so beautiful and so talented that, apart from her wonderful voice, she should be a big platform draw. . . . What a lot of people have good voices, so seldom heard now that "drawing-rooms" are out of fashion . . . Mafia Furnivall for one . . . who made an all-too-brief appearance on the stage . . . and pretty Muriel Hartley used to sing charmingly . . . but I believe that now she has given it up for golf. . . .

S

DID I tell you about a friend . . . I must be discreet . . . who left her handbag in a taxi? . . . Yes, it was at Scotland Yard, and she retrieved it from there. . . . Inside were the counterfoils of the tickets she had sold and bought herself for the Irish sweep . . . and these were not noticed. . . . With such luck she ought to draw a prize.

S

RUTH DRAPER is in Town again. . . . What a following she has. . . . Her first night at the Vaudeville was simply packed with notabilities. . . . She must have been pleased with her reception.

S

DARLING, I must go . . . this vogue for morning cocktail parties is most exhausting . . . all important engagements, like hairdressers, have to be squeezed in anywhere. Bless you! . . .

HALLELUJAH COCKTAIL

A special concoction invented by M. Bilgray in honor of the visit of AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON (incognito) to Bilgray's Cabaret, Colon, Republic of Panama.

Babylonian Grape Brandy

Ice from the crest of Mount Sinai

Lemon from the desert of Sin

Gomorrha and Sodom Vermouth

Rum aged in Noah's Ark

Add Cain's Syrup from the garden of Eden

You then give it the Hebrew shake, and

Say Hallelujah after drinking.

Visitors to Panama never fail to visit Bilgray's Tropic Bar and Restaurant at Colon, where a cabaret is also an attraction. The Hallelujah Cocktail, the recipe for which is given above, should be taken in moderation

FOUR INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Iris Grixoni, second daughter of Count Mario Grixoni, the portrait painter of Italian Society, whose picture, under the title of "My Model," is in this year's Academy. She has recently become engaged to Mr. Robin McKechney, whose interests lie in the City

Miss Catherine Newbald, whose wedding to Mr. Edward Glanville Benn, son of Sir Ernest Benn, takes place at the Church of St. Dunstan's in the West to-morrow, June 4

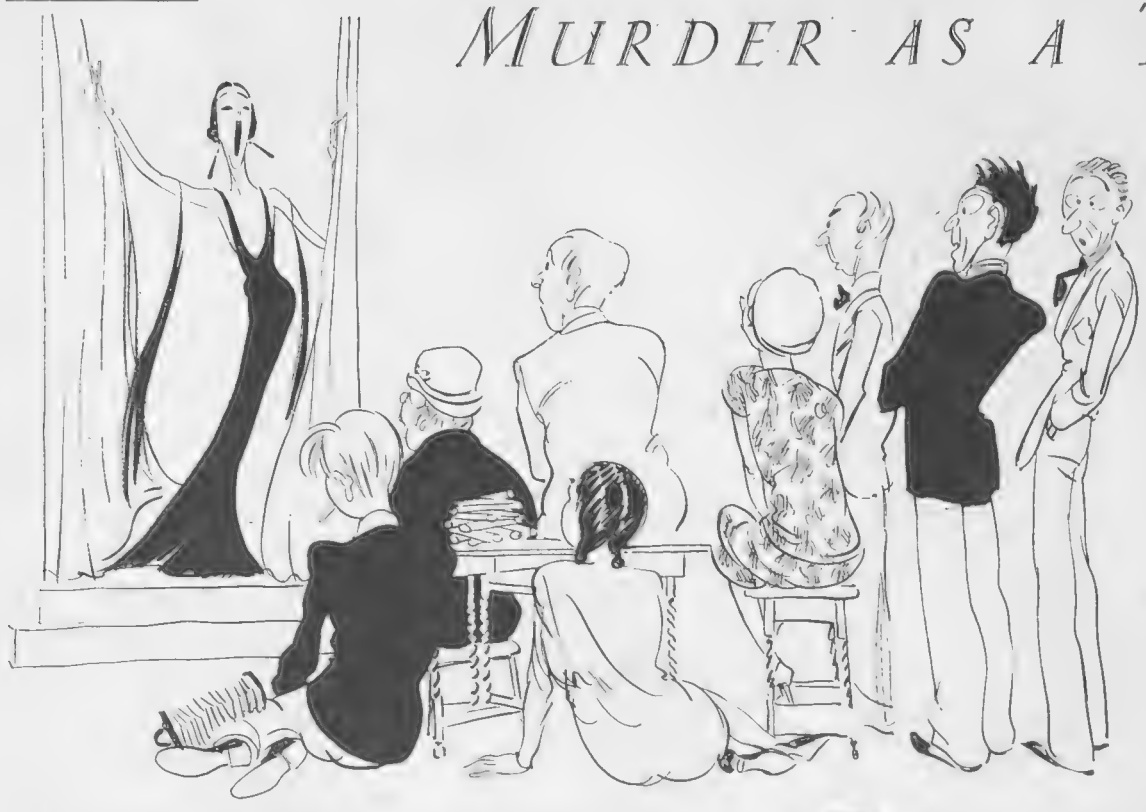
Left, Miss Adelina (Lena) Gelardi, only daughter of Commendatore and Signora Giulio Gelardi, of Via Olona, Rome, and Claridge's Hotel, London, whose engagement to Signor Mosé Tufaroli-Luciano, younger son of Signor and Signora Tufaroli-Luciano, of Via Nizza, Rome, has lately been announced

Right, Miss Margaret Mercer-Nairne, only daughter of Lady Violet Astor and the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, second son of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, who has become engaged to Captain R. Myddleton, Coldstream Guards, son of Colonel R. E. Myddleton, of Chick Castle, Wales

Photographs by Pearl Freeman, Claude Harris, Lafayette and Lenare

AT THE PLAY

MURDER AS A THEME



Valerie Merriman (Joyce Bland) recites the shocking details of the crime, as she imagines them, which occurred in her country cottage, to give their money's-worth to the half-hourly charabanc trippers avid to learn about a rich, juicy murder

"The Crime at Blossoms," at the Playhouse

IF playgoers wish to wallow in gore, with detectives playing hide-and-seek with the guilty party, they may be misled if they go to see *The Crime at Blossoms* at the Playhouse Theatre. This title sounds nice and murderous, and, as a matter of fact, a murder *was* committed at the house called "Blossoms," but that was some time before the curtain went up.

MR. MORDAUNT SHAIRP, the author, in this entertaining and sometimes dramatic play, appears to be inspired by a moral purpose in writing it. It may be recalled that after the Crumbles murder morbid sight-seers assembled in great numbers to view what is called the scene of the crime, and the same thing happens at "Blossoms," an Elizabethan cottage off the beaten track owned by young Mr. and Mrs. Merriman.

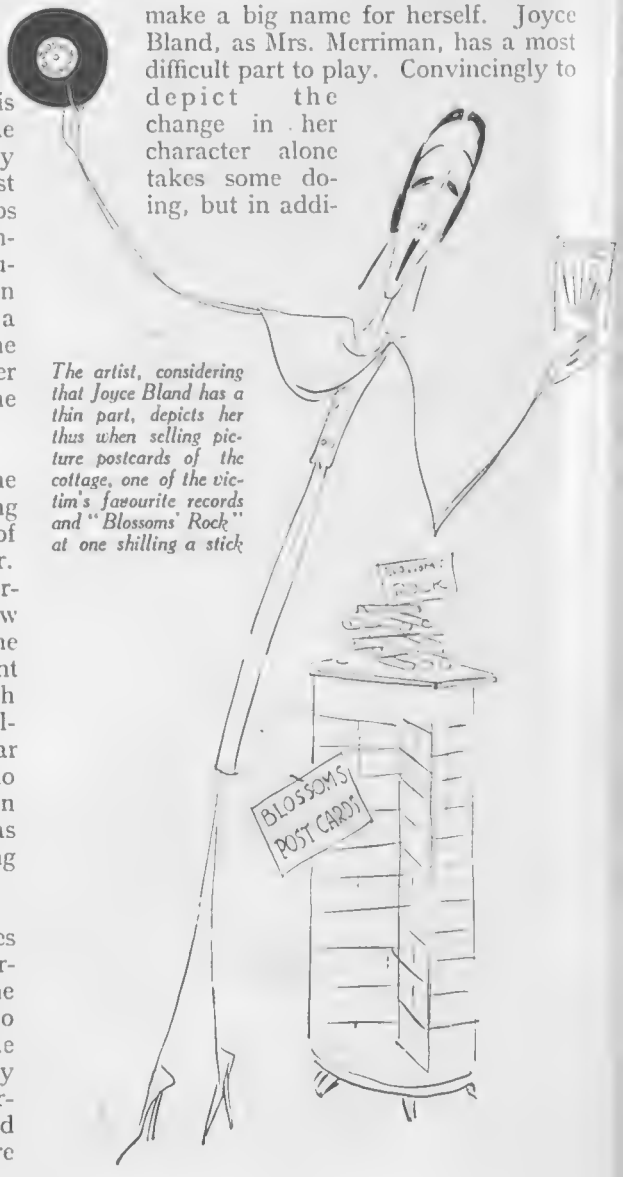
BEING stony-broke the Merrimans let this cottage furnished for a time, and the man and woman who lived there in their absence were both found dead, and no arrest was made. Returning to the now notorious cottage they are still at their wits' end for money, and to get out of these financial difficulties Mrs. Merriman determines to make a raree-show out of the place by charging for admission and selling souvenirs.

FINANCIALLY, the scheme is a big success. The ghouls, brought over by charabanc from the nearest town, plank down their bobs for admission and are bamboozled into buying souvenirs, while Mrs. Merriman adds entertainment by a dramatic recitation to the charabanc crowds of her theory of what passed on the night of the crime.

BUT, quite apart from the unpleasant but amusing picture the author draws of the gloating public, Mr. Shairp has another moral purpose in view. He shows how Mrs. Merriman, who at one time was a cheery, pleasant creature, becomes, through trading on the ghoulish gullibility of the public, a far less pleasant character, who absolutely declines to fall in with her husband's views as to the indecency of making money in such a way.

FINALLY, the author secures Mrs. Merriman's conversion by bringing on the scene the murderer himself, who tells the real story of the tragedy, which differs entirely from Mrs. Merriman's version, and the shock his sad story gives her effects a cure which, though sudden, rings true. As for the murderer himself, he is so sympathetic a character that—thanks to a convincing piece of acting by Ivor Barnard—we leave the theatre hoping to goodness that he will change his mind and not give himself up.

QUITE apart from the cleverness and interest in the play, this production is worth seeing because it brings to the West End an actress who should make a big name for herself. Joyce Bland, as Mrs. Merriman, has a most difficult part to play. Convincingly to depict the change in her character alone takes some doing, but in addi-



The artist, considering that Joyce Bland has a thin part, depicts her thus when selling picture postcards of the cottage, one of the victim's favourite records and "Blossoms' Rock" at one shilling a stick

FOR SATIRE

By Vernon Woodhouse

Mrs. Woodman (Margery Phipps-Walker), Mrs. Merriman's working housekeeper, gives a bit of her mind to "a boy with a concertina" (Ronald Ritchie), who attempts to carve his name on the cottage door

SKETCHES OF "THE CRIME AT BLOSSOMS," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS

tion the dramatic reconstruction of the crime to the bob-a-nob audience requires from the actress playing the part elocutionary gifts, strength and subtlety, and these Joyce Bland possesses to the full. This performance was first seen at the Embassy Theatre, and Manager Alec Rea was wise in giving Joyce Bland the chance of showing her powers before a wider audience rather than engaging a better-known actress to fill the bill at the Playhouse.

COLIN CLIVE plays the happy-go-lucky husband very well indeed. He gives just the right touch of lightness to the earlier scenes which makes an admirable contrast to the moment when, nauseated by blood-money, he puts down his foot and makes a fight for decency. Margery Phipps-Walker fully realises the humour of the daily help who assists her mistress to entertain the visitors, and a neat sketch of a country parson is given by H. O. Nicholson.

THE Crime at Blossoms is a play quite out of the ordinary and well worth seeing.

"The Millionaire Kid," at the Gaiety

"THE Sacred Lamp of Burlesque" no longer burns at the Gaiety, its rays having given place to a new and less hearty light which, however, appeals strongly to the typical Gaiety audiences of to-day. The book of the latest Laddie Cliff production is by Dr. Noel Scott, who has not hesitated to prescribe "the mixture as before." It is dispensed by (among others) Laddie Cliff, Barry Lupino (who differs from his brother Stanley only in his Christian name), Vera Bryer, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Ritchard, and though the only remarkable thing about it is the antiquity of most of the jokes, it proves palatable enough for the Gaiety audiences, who know exactly what to expect and are pleased when they get it.

WHETHER Manager Laddie Cliff is well advised in "playing down," as he does in *The Millionaire Kid* is, however, open to question. I can visualise an entertainment here which, though still full of knock-about fun and good dances, possesses an element of wit in the dialogue and lyrics and originality in plot. I doubt whether such a show would lose present custom, but I am sure it would secure wider patronage.

V. W.

NEXT WEEK

Our Summer Number

Enlarged. Full of Colour.

Price 1/- as usual. Order Early.

"A very late visitor" (Ivor Barnard) makes a dramatic appearance, and with his intimate knowledge is able to recount to Christopher Merriman (Colin Clive) and his wife (Joyce Bland) exactly how the tragedy took place

The HEART of SWEDEN for a HOLIDAY

The Riddarfjärden beach from Södermalm, showing the Town Hall across the water. The towers in the background, from the left, are of the Englebrekt and St. John's Churches, the Kungstorn skyscrapers, Sta. Clara Church and the old telephone tower

Year by year Sweden is becoming a more and more popular happy holiday ground for the English tourist. The climate is good, the scenery beautiful, and the country of great historical interest. Fast and luxurious boats make light of the passage across the North Sea and everything is done when reaching Sweden to make visitors feel at home

A good idea of some of the beauty spots to be found in this country can be seen on the left, which is a photograph of the Vittskövle Castle, which was erected in about 1550 and has remained unchanged ever since

A picture reminiscent of Scotland on a grander scale. Part of the road between the town Uddevalla and the small seaside resort, Gustafsberg, on the Byfjorden fiord

BY STARR WOOD

VICAR: "*Do you think you could help to find me a good treble, John?*"
VERGER: "*Yes, sir, Flighty Girl, Old Rowley and Best o' the Bunch are certs for to-morrow*"

if Sossip we

Gerlys and Lysia, the famous Continental dancers, in one of their original numbers. They have been appearing with marked success at Grosvenor House, in Park Lane

EXCEPT for an obstinate tendency on the part of the high authorities of that world not to run trains just when and where I want them, I have never found much wrong with the railways of England. These our precious Government would like to nationalise, not because nationalisation would improve them, but because it would be another step towards State Socialism. The condition of the railways in countries where they are State property is conveniently disregarded. The French railways are improving, but they are not so good as ours. The Italian railways (also, thanks to Fascism largely, better than they used to be) are no better than the French; and the Spanish railways—there are two sorts of train in Spain, the express, which stops at every station, and the ordinary, which stops at every station and between every two stations as well—are infinitely worse. That is because competition has been eliminated.

IF our railways were nationalised the prices would be more likely to go up, and remain up, than to come down—if the three-halfpenny stamp and the shilling telegram afford any analogy. Nor is the example of the new State-run roads exactly encouraging. These new roads look imposing, but I have yet to meet the motorist who does not affirm that they are bumpy and wear out easily. When there is a surplus Road Fund it is promptly "raided"—though it is only fair to add that it was not Socialism that was responsible for that little move.

I WENT to the Liceum Theatre for the opening of Sir Thomas Bucham's season. No, I have not made any spelling mistakes but have simply copied those immortal words from the programme. This strange little publication had, in addition to its "howlers" (appropriate enough in an opera season), a shiny tin-foil cover, which some of the more exotic young males in the auditorium doubtless found useful during the intervals for inspecting the effect of the ravages of emotional Russian music on the complexion. The opening night, and most of the succeeding ones, saw a fine array of well-dressed celebrities and near-celebrities, who screamed at each other like macaws in such foyers,

I DO not quite know what a clout is, but I feel like casting the largest one I have into the air for sheer joy now that May is out. A month of grey skies and rain and chilliness, of the feverish washing in public of the clean linen of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, of the hysterical clap-trap over the Nirdlinger case, of political ineptitude due to a mixture of Government smugness and Opposition apathy, and of ominous happenings in India which we are, as usual, advised to meet with "goodwill."

But May has gone now, and so, officially, has the winter; and Mr. Hannen Swaffer, with yet another photograph, goes to yet another newspaper, this time "to help build the new England." A far more useful task would be to try to get back some of the old England, which was more comfortable to live in. And cheaper.

BY BERTRAM PRANCE

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: "This is really too bad! Not only does your motor-cycling friend damage my fence, but he leaves *you* on my hands, too!"

must

vestibules, etc., as the theatre possesses. The difference between the stalls patrons at Covent Garden and those at the Lyceum is that the latter have louder voices, and use them good and plenty while the overture is being played. Both sets (which, of course, overlap) are very, very smart, and both are given to arriving very, very late.

I HAVE always thought that Mr. Alexander, the Socialist First Lord (nothing to do with the first Socialist peer) was an amiably ingenuous person ever since I saw a paper admiral's cap from a Christmas cracker on his desk in his sanctum sanctorum at the Admiralty. He showed up the whole Socialist scheme in his Whitsun speech on tariffs. "The real reason behind the campaign for tariffs," he said, "is that our opponents feel that they have come to the limit of direct taxation, and that the only means of meeting responsibility is to pass the burden on to the general body of consumers."

Mimi Crawford, the clever young actress, rehearsing the "Blue Danube" waltz which she performed in "Die Fledermaus" at Covent Garden recently. She is the first English actress to have danced in this opera at Covent Garden

ROSA PONSELLE

The famous prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, photographed on her arrival in London. She has come to this country to take part in the season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden

WHY should not "the general body of consumers" help to share the national burden? I can tell you why Mr. Alexander and his confrères consider that they should not, although they do not put it in that way in their speeches. It is because the "general body" happens to possess a large number of votes, while the payers of direct taxation are comparatively few. It is, of course, the old, old story. Another side of the question is the fallacious theory (which I have no doubt Mr. Alexander holds quite sincerely) that if you make the rich poorer you will make the poor richer.

EVEN if tariffs did put a burden on consumers by making commodities slightly dearer (and it is by no means certain that they would), the result would be brisker trade, less unemployment, and more money to spend. What is the use of things being cheap when there is no money to buy them?

"HIKING" has come to stay, and it is no use for well-meaning clerics to get on their hind legs about it, or for Father Woodchuck, or something of the sort, to say that it is immoral. Those who indulge in the rucksack and thick boots life in what passes for summer-time in this country are inclined to be rather consciously "the wind on the heath, brother." But they do no harm, bless 'em. I can only find that they cause

Pearl Freeman

MOLLY COOK

A descendant of Joshua Reynolds, the famous artist, is now appearing in "Stand Up And Sing," the successful musical play at the Hippodrome. She is the daughter of Mr. Harold Gilbey Cook, the Senior Inspector of Income Tax at Somerset House

occasional disappointment, as, for instance, when one overtakes in a car a trio of shapely maidens in "shorts" and glances tactfully round to find that facially they are almost invariably on what Americans would call "the homely side."

But let them tramp about and boil their kettles under hedges and cool their ardour there, too. The indictment is that the lads and lassies of the office and the shop are under everyone's eye when they take their exercise at a suburban lawn-tennis club, but that when they wander through fields and lanes decorum is apt to go to the winds. That's as may be. "Yer can't beat nature, guv'nor, can yer?" as Harry Tate's Cockney assistant remarked when he saw the Forth Bridge for the first time.

LONDON is becoming rather Russianised this June. I do not mean Sovietised (though the glad hand extended to "our Russian comrydes" with their ships sailing up the Thames to dump their goods is pretty pernicious), but artistically influenced by the land of the Tsars as it was when there were Tsars. All the artistic gang who give and go to parties are still well under the Diaghileff sway, to which the Lyceum season has given an extra fillip. Some youths even talk a sort of pidgin Russian to each other.

A RUSSIAN restaurant, a Russian pianist or singer, a Russian picture must, ipso facto, be "mahv'lous, my dear" (and it is only fair to add that some of them are). The emigration to Paris after the Revolution had something to do with it, for you must realise that every Russian taxi-driver in Paris is a Russian prince or ex-Cabinet Minister. I must get Leslie Henson to give us a Russification of the funniest farce I ever saw, and call it, *It's a Boyard*.

THE Shuberts, who have sold their London theatrical interests to Sir Harold Wernher, never to any considerable extent actively directed the theatres they acquired. Perhaps that was as well, for, though an engaging couple, I doubt whether they sensed British mentality in certain matters, and without advice their methods might have proved embarrassingly alien.

I met one of the Shuberts at a supper party shortly after he had become, technically, a London manager. At one of his theatres a production was pending in which he was rather closely interested. He sat silent for a long time, and then, with disarming ingenuousness, asked what it would cost to get the King to attend the first night. Not in the least dismayed by the horrified silence which greeted the suggestion, he went on to say that he supposed that the Prince of Wales "would figure out a shade cheaper!"

Joan Craven

MARTEL SWICHTENBERG

The clever artist, who recently held an exhibition of her portrait paintings at the Claridge Galleries. Included in the exhibition were portraits of Miss Harriet Cohen and Miss Vicki Baum, the author of "Grand Hotel"

BY BAIRD

"That, Madame, is a perfect summer frock"

"Quite so. But can you guarantee a perfect summer?"

MADRID, it is stated, has discovered that revolutions do not bring the millennium. Since the advent of the Republic trade there has suffered, and the luxury trades in particular have slumped badly. I never found Madrid, charming though its

"GENTLEMEN, BEER IS SERVED!"

Undergraduates of Lincoln College, Oxford, drinking their ration of free Ivy Beer for which the College is famous. In view of the recent outcry against drinking at Oxford, it is only right to add that this free beer is served but once a year!

THE VERY IDEAS

A daily paper says that many new ideas are needed if the Annual Theatrical Garden Party is to be a real financial success this year.

IF I was in charge of things I'd show
A preference simple and clear
For the "personal touch" in each side-show
That's run at the party this year.
Paul Robeson, for instance, would surely
By young and by old be adored
If he were to sing with a lilt and a swing
"The Lost (Vocal) Chord."

Another new turn I would offer
Would be the proud actress who, though
She'd been badly slated by Swaffer,
Scorned his cheek and would not strike one blow.
And the sight of some Garrick Club actors
"Blackballing" a colleague since he
Was too much of a snob should be well worth a bob.
I'm sure you'll agree.

To add to the fun at the beano,
June might be induced to appear
And sing to us, "Roll down to Reno"
In accents both dulcet and clear.
But the contest beyond every other,
That doubtless would prove all the rage,
Would be the one when female stars lined up, then
Begged, "Please, guess my age!" *B. W*

people are, a very gay spot; when I was there last year there was night life of a sort, and the three first-class (and extremely expensive) hotels were inhabited mainly by Americans. But, except for the fact that no one ever seemed to go to bed, there was not much fun, and I wondered why people were so fond of sitting up, and what they sat up for. Paris, Berlin and London are infinitely more amusing. And in Madrid the jewellers' shops (an infallible index) were disappointingly meagre in their display, which, beside that of Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, was pitiful. If they have declined in quality—and it is said that they have—Republican Madrid cannot have much glitter about it, either literally or figuratively.

MEANWHILE, the Republican Government are annoyed at the decision of King Alfonso to live on the French Riviera, on the grounds that it is too near Spain. "We shall not hesitate," declares the Spanish Foreign Minister, "to take what action we see fit to render him harmless." What action? If the French Government decided to expel Alfonso they would, at any rate, be within their rights. The Spanish Government has no more right, or power, to interfere with him in any way than I have. Kingship is not yet an offence for which one may be extradited, though doubtless a lot of people would like it to be.

IF there is one quality I admire in our younger novelists it is their modesty. "Instead of discussing with me the new situation created in literature by my advent," chirps Mr. William Gerhardi in an article on Arnold Bennett, "he contented himself by putting a few questions relative to my education—which college I belonged to at Oxford?"

Miss Milligan (Heather Angel), the typist in "London Wall" at the Duke of York's Theatre, who refuses to blot her copy-book on behalf of a rascally managing clerk, with Hec Hammond (Frank Lawton), a nice-minded young clerk from a nearby office, who proves a more than satisfactory substitute. John van Druten's play dealing with life and love in a City office is proving very much to the public taste

Sasha

Next Week.
Our Summer Number Price 1/-

FILM NOTES

PROFILES, PROFITS AND BARRYMORE By Lionel Collier

THE incredible has happened, and all for the sake of art for art's sake. John Barrymore has discarded his profile! That classic nose has been desecrated by the make-up artist, so that Mr. Barrymore may resemble a Polish Jew rather than a Greek god. What publicity men think of it I do not know, for the profits accruing from that famous profile have been much more than mere histrionic ability could produce.

Flappers will undoubtedly weep at this ars gratia artis gesture, but undoubtedly it is good to see Barrymore once more showing that he is a fine dramatic actor as he does in "Svengali," an adaptation of Du Maurier's novel, *Trilby*, dramatised by Paul Potter.

America has a habit of ruining her best actors by keeping them continually in the type of part that has once proved successful. On the assumption, I suppose, that one cannot have too much of a good thing.

WELL, one can have too much of Barrymore being heroic and displaying his profile. We have had too much, for not since that classic, silent picture, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has he been allowed to do anything else but gesture as a romantic hero.

Even in "Svengali" the limelight is kept continually on the star, and, in order to ensure this, the story of Trilby has been amended.

It would never have done to have made the character of Svengali too unsympathetic, so Trilby at the end is allowed to die almost simultaneously with the hypnotic maestro, his name on her lips.

Presumably, she had learnt to love him, and Little Billee, the young English artist who adores her deeply, is only allowed the consolation of having her expire in his arms.

But, after all, Little Billee is only Little Billee, and Svengali is Barrymore.

EQUALLY, I suppose, London was a too-prosaic locale for the dénouement, so the producer transported us to Cairo, which in his own eyes was more exotic. Actually, the climax is ruined by a lack of dramatic effect, although at several points in the story, especially during the sequences in which Trilby is hypnotised by the self-sufficient Jew, there is a real intensity of effect helped by clever camera work and the acting of the star.

And what of the Trilby?

A newcomer, Marian Marsh, plays this very difficult rôle with indifference. She is pretty, but her American accent does not convince me that she is of Irish descent. After all, you do not expect to hear her saying, "I'll be right back," and still think you are in the Quartier Latin.

Funnily enough, while generally there is quite a lot of attention paid to detail, we are allowed to have gendarmes whose accents betray their Broadway origin, and who help to destroy the illusion that we are supposed to be living with the characters in Paris.

Still, compared with other adaptations of famous stage plays or novels, "Svengali" is good.

Marooned on a yacht with the wrong man! Anne Mor... expounding his theories on women. A scene in Lady ... filming of

The latest portrait of Miss Joan Barry, of stage and screen fame. She is to be seen in "The Outsider," at the Empire, in which she plays the part of Lalage

AS I write, "Resurrection" is being shown at the Rialto, and is about as good a travesty of Leo Tolstoi's story as one could imagine.

John Boles plays the rôle of Dmitri, and, since he is known as a singer, of course he has to sing. This he does in best American style in a Russian Army mess.

Still, what do profiles or voices matter when there is the allure of a really pretty woman?—and Lupe Velez, who portrays Tolstoi's tragic character of a betrayed girl who ends as a prostitute in Siberia, is alluring. What is more, she is a very accomplished actress. I can almost forgive the blatant Americanised vulgarity of this adaptation for her sake.

(Betty Stockfield) listens to the novelist, Hugh Somerton, Yule's magnificent yacht, which she kindly lent for the "Captivation"

"Trilby will sing" instructs Svengali, and, under his hypnotic influence, she does. John Barrymore's splendid characterisation of Svengali in Warner Brothers' picture of that name will be seen when this film is presented in the West End shortly

We do not need to be highbrows to complain that the screen is not doing all it is capable of doing when it turns well-known stage successes into films. That is why it was with a real feeling of pleasure that I met Ben Travers the other day after the showing of his first farce, "The Chance of a Night-time," written for the screen, and learnt that he was going to write more in the same way.

Ralph Lynn is mistaken for Winifred Shotter's dance partner and attempts to carry off the situation with grace in "The Chance of a Night-time," a Ben Travers farce specially written for the screen

"ROOKERY NOOK" and "Plunder" were amusing, but they lacked action, whereas in "The Chance of a Night-time" Mr. Travers has made comic action as important as the dialogue.

It is mostly a triumph for Ralph Lynn, who is easily one of the best comedians we have on the English screen—funnier a good deal than many a more advertised American star.

Winifred Shotter plays the rôle of the danseuse, and plays it remarkably well. I feel the time is coming when we shall not have to export our stars to America for discovery.

This film is Ben Travers at his best. We shall soon have to include a new word for a special type of entertainment. There will be drama, comedy, farce, burlesque, and Traversties. L. C.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

CLEMENCE DANE

discusses the

BOOK SOCIETY'S SELECTIONS for the MONTH

CHOOSING books for June really involves the gift of prophecy—for what is the right book without the right weather? *Hatter's Castle*, the Book Society's choice, is only bearable on a very bright, sunny, warm-hearted day. To have to read it on a wet Sunday would be cruel to the reader and cruel to the writer. For this first novel is far too respectable to be ignored; but, let us face the fact, it is one of the gloomiest books ever written—not dully gloomy, not deadly gloomy, but good, lively, lightning-shock gloomy. It thunders horror.

HATTER'S CASTLE is the house built by a megalomaniac. It is the outward and visible sign of the monstrous conceit which wrecks the life of James Brodie, crushes his wife and son, ruins his elder daughter's youth, and drives his youngest daughter, his darling, to suicide. The sheer misery and ruin which the man Brodie inflicts on all that is near to him is so complete that there are moments when the reader's credulity staggers. In fact, I hesitate to describe the tale, because I'm quite sure that any reader hearing a mere description of the plot will certainly say, "I won't read it. I don't want to be depressed. What's the good of writing a mere chronicle of ruin?"

THIS is a perfectly reasonable point of view. And yet to ignore the book because of its gloom is to miss something worth having. For it is a creation, not a piece of photography; it is full of admirable character drawing, and it is curiously alive. Indeed, you almost feel that the writer has forced himself to a theme really unnatural to him; that although it is a study of spiritual death, his immense personal vitality has ballooned the plot, invigorated it, made it alive. I wouldn't have believed that anything so dreary could be so romantically interesting.

BUT not on a wet Sunday! For a wet Sunday I should recommend *Good Earth*, by Pearl Buck. This is an absorbing story; at least, I could not put it down; I had to read it at a sitting. The hero is a Chinese peasant, of all unlikely subjects. He buys a wife, works his farm, starves, struggles, succeeds, and ends by purchasing the property of the great family who had once lorded it over him and his wife. And so he ends, rich, powerful, but not half so happy in his luxurious old age as he was in his cheese-paring youth. I don't know why so remote a chronicle should be so interesting, but there is a Victorian richness about it as well as a humane simplicity that make it absorbing to read.

MR. A. J. CRONIN

Whose novel, "Hatter's Castle" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON'S *Four Frightened People* is of less importance as a piece of character drawing, but, nevertheless, it is an exciting and readable romance. What would you do if you were on a small coasting steamer in the tropics, and on your way to dinner one red-hot night you saw a rat run across the floor and fall down dead before it reached its hole? Would you guess that there was something wrong with that rat beyond mere old age? Would you guess bubonic plague? Would you think of the Chinese passengers? Would your mind envisage with horrid clearness exactly what a hell that ship was going to become in twenty-four hours? And if your mind made all this clear to you, what would you do?

BOOKS MENTIONED

HATTER'S CASTLE. By A. J. Cronin. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

THE GOOD EARTH. By Pearl Buck. (Methuen: 7s. 6d.)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE. By E. Arnot Robertson. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

VERDI. By Francis Toye. (Heinemann: 21s.)

THE MISSING MONEYLENDER. By W. Stanley Sykes. (John Lane: 7s. 6d.)

THE HOLIDAY OMNIBUS. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

MISS ROBERTSON, who has no belief at all in the innate nobility of Adam and Eve, tells you exactly what her frightened people did. They escaped. But at times the jungle in which they proceeded to lose themselves seems, to the reader at any rate, a good deal more awful than the plague ship. Here is an extrordinarily exciting and original yarn.

ORIGINAL in quite a different way is a murder story called *The Missing Moneylender*. It is complicated, ingenious, very well written, and with nothing of the dull, cross-word puzzle feel to it. Its people are alive and behave credibly, and even if you are unfair enough to look at the end, still the author is too much for you. You will find yourself forced to go back to the beginning in order to trace out the details even though you already know the secret which, playing fairly, you would never have guessed.

"I'M a tired business man; I don't want to think; I want to be amused," is the cry not only of the theatre-goer but of most holiday readers, though they devote as much energy and mental concentration daily to solving a cross-word puzzle as would revive the book trade. But there are some readers who like something solid, even on a holiday. They will be interested in the new biography of the composer Verdi.

Verdi's life was no storm-and-lightning tangle. There is in it no plot to tempt the student of the extraordinary in human relationships. But Mr. Toye has nevertheless made his story of a great man's life and work intensely interesting. He writes simply, clearly, easily; one may say of him as of Trollope, "Even when he writes of ordinary things he cannot be dull, and when he is writing of a world of art he is absorbingly interesting."

FOR the reader who has only room for one book in his suit-case there is the *Holiday Omnibus*. The book, though it is not unwieldy to handle, is really more of a pantechnicon than an omnibus. It contains no fewer than three novels, four short stories, three prose extracts, a play and a volume of poems. You can turn from a Wellsian romance to detective stories, classic and modern; you can have a satire on the films, an adventure in the Himalayas, a Victorian love story, a sonnet. How easy reading is made for one nowadays. The old three-decker doesn't stand a chance against the up-to-date omnibus!

"DIVINITIES" by DOUGLAS WALES

WILLS'S "CAPSTAN" *are Capital*

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An impression of the magnificent ballroom of the Dorchester, the luxurious new hotel in Park Lane, which stands

BY F. MATANIA

HE DORCHESTER HOTEL

hich stands on the site of the old Dorchester House. The dance floor is one of the biggest and "easiest" in London

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Cure

by John Hastings Turner

MASON said, "What the devil is a man to do?" And I said, "Take a woman to Paris for the week-end and show her!"

I meant it as a joke. Not a very good one, I daresay, but that's how I meant it, and, truth to tell, I had become not a little fed up with Harry Mason's hysteria about his wife's jealousy. You couldn't really call the way he went on by any other name. And anyway, even if she were Jezebel, a man oughtn't to talk about his wife to his friends. It's embarrassing. So, wanting to cut the conversation in half, I said, "Take a woman to Paris for the week-end and show her!" I might have known that that idiot Harry—— however. About a month later he told me this story himself, and he added that in his opinion it was about the most tragic thing that could possibly happen to a man. I laughed. I thought the whole affair amazingly funny, especially as told by Harry with his moustache drooping lugubriously and his eyes almost popping out of his head. And then I wasn't sure that it was so terribly funny after all. . . .

You must know that Peggy Mason was pretty and fairly young and really infernally jealous. She couldn't bear Harry to have men-friends, much less women. She wasn't open to argument about it, and though she looked after Harry well and was fond of nim, this side of her nature was, without doubt, extremely trying. As for Harry, he was just about as steady and respectable as a man can be without becoming a nuisance to the community. But, though Peggy knew this well enough, she was always looking for what she called "hidden depths," as if she was peering into the crater of a volcano and couldn't believe it was extinct. I think her mother had brought her up with the idea that all men were liable to moral earthquakes at any moment.

This was the story Harry told me.

"You remember that day you gave me that bit of advice—about going to Paris, I mean?"

"Good Lord," I interrupted him, "that was a joke!"

He stared at me heavily.

"Was it?" he said, and then continued as if I hadn't spoken at all. "I walked home to the flat that day, and, the more I thought of it, the more I thought there was something in it. A desperate cure, of course, but then, things *were* desperate. And, as luck would have it, when I got back, there we were right in the middle of another frightful scene. A Miss Wainwright had rung up to ask if I was in Town, and Peg, who had taken the message, had, as far as I could gather, pretty well blown Miss Wainwright off the other end of the telephone. It wasn't any use my explaining that Miss Wainwright was seventy-two and an old friend of my mother's whom I hadn't seen since my school-days because she'd been in India. I did explain that, of course, but Peg just smiled at me in a sort of pitying way, and I gathered, from what she had said on the telephone, that there wasn't much probability of Miss Wainwright ever seeing me again. Well, I got damned angry. I don't say I was falling over myself to see Miss Wainwright, but the whole thing struck me as a bit too much altogether, and I'm afraid I let fly. The result of that wasn't what I thought it would be. Peg just came back at me like a Fury, and said that it was pretty obvious that a man didn't get in a state like mine for the sake of an old lady of seventy-two. Women can twist anything anywhere!"

He fingered his depressed-looking moustache, gloomily.

"THEN the gong went," he continued, "and we marched into the dining-room and had a jolly dinner. After that I sat in the study till one o'clock. I was so damned angry I couldn't read. I just sat there and wondered what the Hell I could do, and how long it was possible for a man to live like that without doing something violent or going off his rocker, or both. And then what you'd said suddenly came back to me and, as I say, I began to think there was something in it."

I leant forward and tapped him on the knee.

"Harry," I said, "if you imagine I'm going to take any blame for your inability to see a bad joke, think again!"

He didn't answer that, but sat still chewing at the ball of his thumb.

"I worked it out this way," he said at last. "Peg was genuinely fond of me, I knew. I don't suppose she would have bothered about Miss Wainwright if she hadn't been And if she really thought she was going to lose me, I thought the odds were she'd come after me and then—it would be pretty humiliating for her when I explained that that was exactly what I had expected and that the whole thing had been done just to bring her to her senses."

"And if she didn't come?" I asked.

"I knew she would," he answered, gloomily.

"And she did?"

"Ye—es." He said that in such a way that I gathered the experiment had not been an unqualified success. Even as he told me the story, I still found it difficult to believe that anyone could be such an utter ass as Harry Mason.

"So you got hold of some woman?" I prompted.

"Good God, no," he answered quickly, and then for some obscure reason, he subsided. After a moment he went on in a subdued voice:

"I went alone," he said. "That is

Illustrated by
VAN ABBEY

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—yes—I went alone. I left a message for Peg, saying I was going to be in Paris over the week-end, and I left word with Alton—our butler—that I'd be staying at the Passy—in case of letters. I thought that was pretty subtle, you know. I hadn't told Peg; but I knew Alton would tell her. See?"

And he thought it subtle, the poor fish! However, I didn't want him to stop now, so I agreed that it was damn subtle.

"Well," he continued, "I went off, and had a rotten crossing and was feeling like a piece of chewed string when I went into the restaurant-car of the Golden Arrow. I didn't know anyone in Paris, and I hated the place, anyway. I was pretty well down, and I thought a pint of champagne might do me good—and it did, in a way. I began to forget that damned boat, anyway."

Here he stopped dead and began to chew his thumb almost noisily.

"Well?" I encouraged him.

"Well," he echoed me slowly, "I'd picked at some hors d'œuvre, and had a couple of glasses of champagne, when—er—when a girl came into the car and sat down opposite to me. She was French," he added, heavily.

"What an extraordinary thing!" I said. "In France, too!"

But he didn't smile. Irony meant nothing to him. He was dead serious.

And when I saw that he did not smile I remembered various things about him. The way men spoke of him, with a sort of friendly grin—the kind of grin you see when a man is patting a dog. Dumb animal? Well, perhaps he was. At least, he had always been an astonishingly simple soul. And then I reflected that Peggy was really the same, and that they ought to have been—what do you call it?—a couple of turtle-doves. But that fearful itch of jealousy had come between them. I thought "I've got to listen to this. The poor devil's serious. No more funny stuff."

So I said, "Go on, Mason. I want to hear." And I could swear that his eyes had a sort of grateful look in them, like a dog again.

"That's good of you," he said, "because, for the moment, I thought you were ragging me." I shook my head.

"Well," he went on, "this girl sat down opposite to me. She looked quite a decent sort of girl, but, of course, French. You know what I mean?" I pretended to.

"After a bit we got into conversation. When I say 'conversation,' it wasn't exactly that, as she spoke no English and my French is pure Public School. But we sort of stammered along, and, curiously enough, I discovered that she was going to stay at the Passy, too!"

I said nothing. The utter simplicity of the man was beyond comment.

"So, naturally, I gave her a lift in my taxi."

"Had she any luggage?" I asked gently.

"No. Now I come to think of it, she hadn't. There was only my suit-case. Well, it seemed absurd that we should sit alone at different tables at dinner, didn't it?"

"Utterly," I agreed.

"So we dined together. She was awfully simple and friendly, and I was rather thankful to have someone to talk to. Not that we *could* talk very much—but I hate having a meal alone, anyway. She told me she came from Chambéry—that's in Savoy, I believe—and that her father was a parson there."

He paused, and I reflected that the world is very much the same all over. But I daresay Chambéry sounds more likely than Maidenhead to anyone but a Frenchman. I couldn't help wondering what view the parson's daughter from Chambéry took of Harry Mason. None, I daresay. Just thought him a gift from heaven. But he was talking again.

"After dinner," he said, "she suggested a show. She knew a place, she said, where she thought the entertainment would be the kind of thing I'd like."

I bet she did! But I said nothing. I was taking a real interest in the story now. It was like some impossible Arabian Night, until you caught Mason's clear eye, and then it was like an Arabian

"Well, we finished our coffee—and we went out into the hall to get

Night which must have actually happened. Thank God, there's no television into people's minds—so far!

Harry went on.

"It's not a thing I'd do in the ordinary way, you know," he said, "spend the evening with a stranger like that—I'm not that sort of man. But . . . well, it wasn't only that I was alone and at a loose end; I was beginning to wonder whether Peg would come or not, and what the devil I'd do if she didn't. Do you understand?"

I did. I told him so.

"So I was a bit rattled, what with one thing and another, and the idea of sitting alone in that hotel all the evening, wondering whether or not I'd make a complete ass of myself, didn't appeal to me. And I'd got to stick the thing out till the morning, anyway . . . at least, I thought so."

He sighed and stared at his boots.

"Well?" I said. I wanted him to go on.

"I said I'd go," he continued. "She seemed pleased, and I was rather flattered. I daresay the parson father wouldn't have cared for the idea much, or for the chartreuse she had with her coffee! As a matter of fact, I felt a bit rotten about it, and I . . . er . . . told her that it's a dangerous game making friends with fellows on a train. I told her, too, that in this case it didn't matter, because I wasn't the kind of man who—well, anyway, I thought I owed that much to the old man at Chambéry."

"And what did she say?" I asked.

"Just laughed," he answered.

I bet she did.

"And then?"

"Well, we finished our coffee—and we went out into the hall to get a taxi. And . . . and . . . there, in the lounge, was Peg!"

I'd guessed it, of course. Just the kind of silly thing that would happen to Harry. But I knew I was meant to be astonished and shocked, so I did my best

"Good God!" I said.

He bit his thumb again, busily.

"She'd flown over," he said.

"I see," I answered, and then added, as I caught sight of the misery in his eyes, "That was a pretty tall compliment to you, Harry!"

But he did not smile.

"She was sitting at a table," he said heavily, "drinking coffee with a young man. She was smiling at him, and he was smiling back. By God, I could actually feel the blood banging about in my temple!"

I WONDERED which of the gods of laughter had arranged for these two respectable souls to meet under these conditions, for it was certainly an Olympian masterpiece. But I could not smile.

I said, "Well, Harry?" And he seemed to bring his thoughts back from a long way off.

"I got rid of the girl," he said. "I forget what I said: something stupid, I've no doubt—and she spat a lot of French at me which I didn't understand. Then I walked back to Peggy and began to talk. The damned young cad looked at me as if I were mad. Then he got up and excused himself, in perfectly good English, and drifted away. Peg was white with rage. She said that if I couldn't behave, perhaps we'd better go to some place where all the world couldn't hear me, and I suggested we might go to my bedroom. She said she would just finish her coffee. Then she told me that she had sat next to the young

(*Continued on page* viii)

laxi. *And . . . and . . . there, in the lounge, was Peg!*"

FIRST INTIMATE PICTURES on a BRITISH LINER

FOR the first time in the history of journalism the "Bystander" presents this week a series of photographs, specially taken by the new "Sashalite," of life aboard one of our biggest Atlantic liners. Pictures taken on deck are, of course, not out of the ordinary, but most of the passengers' activities take place below, and the advance of photographic science permits of these intimate and exclusive "shots" of life on the "Britannic" while breasting the ocean wave.

That "terrible gambling" spirit which causes such disgust to our politicians is allowed full play aboard ship, as is revealed above in the race meeting held in the lounge. The horses can be seen dashing along the course

Miss Audrey Macpherson acts as starter and referee for the race meeting seen above. Dice play an important part in the proceedings

Captain Summers, of the "Britannic," shows Mr. Edwin Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, how to "shoot the sun," an even more difficult accomplishment than "shooting the moon!"

Sir Harry Brittain passing the time of night with Miss Diana Anderson, on the left, and Miss Muriel Menforth. It will be noticed that button-holes can be obtained on board

Photographs Sasha

Passengers "POTTED" on the WHITE STAR "BRITANNIC"

This is not a dance club in the West End, but the lounge of the "Britannic" where passengers congregate after dinner to dance, to watch dancing, and to discuss "beans and bones and butterflies," and other topics of vital moment

The sea has no terrors for Mr. J. H. Hudson, seen above, who is making his fifty-fifth crossing of the Atlantic. The carnival spirit is indicated by the headgear

Dinner is being served. The group at the table shows Sir Alan Garrett Anderson, K.B.E., and Lady Anderson with their son and daughter, Colin and Diana. Sir Alan is a director of the Bank of England and the L.M. and S. Ry.

is not only saloon passengers who are well catered for, this picture of the cold buffet in the third-class dining saloon shows

Mayor Walker, of New York, making a speech of welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thompson, Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool, before the microphone, on their official visit to New York. On the left is Mr. Walter Moon, Liverpool's City Clerk. Mayor Walker has been invited by Mr. Edwin Thompson to visit Liverpool this summer

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE—No. 4

THE M'TOSH

By

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. DE GROOT

AT the top of the bleak Pass of Drumtochie the moor falls away in a rolling, desolate waste, with the heaving black sides of Ben More, Ben Buidhe, and Carn Chaoruinn, mist-wreathed and snow-streaked, lifting high into the clouds on the horizon. At their feet the glassy rushing burns, whose ice-cold water is the colour of old brown ale, tumble and roar and froth perpetually. Above, the eagle soars and the peewit cries. This is the M'Tosh country, the territory of that fierce, warlike clan which would have turned the day for Prince Charles in that last desperate charge at Culloden had he not been asleep somewhere in Ross-shire at the time. And in a cave halfway up the side of Ben Buidhe, wrapped in the M'Tosh plaid (which Chanel has copied so divinely), sits The M'Tosh, the chieftain and last of the Clan M'Tosh, brooding bitterly.

The call of the blood! Up to a year ago Ian M'Tosh was a prosperous member of the London Stock Exchange, with a nice little place in Surrey all over rhododendrons. But when he got a wire announcing the death, at Auchterdrochit, of his uncle, his only relative and chief, he at once arose, ignoring his wife's raised eyebrows, and packed his suit-case.

"And now what?" asked his wife, a rather fluffy little thing.

"Herself," said Ian M'Tosh, in a shrill Highland voice. "will be wanting itself, whateffer." He was referring to the old clan.

"Oh, be your age," said his wife, yawning.

"Cross-eyed and heart-scalded I am," said Ian, coughing slightly, "waiting for the great day is coming on Scotland, and the eagles that do be screaming above Glenmacnass, and a great storm maybe, and I looking out over the white roads that do be leading to the west, and myself crying and keening for a day that does be gone. And now," said Ian, clearing his throat, "pick on *that,* you little bit of Leicestershire froth."

"'Oh, be your age,' said his wife"

Pause.

"That wasn't Highland," said his wife coolly, lighting a cigarette, "that was Irish Players."

"Hell, so it was!" said Ian M'Tosh, mortified, biting his lip.

"But *all* I ask," said his wife, pouring herself a cocktail, "is that you don't go Barrie on me. What Barrie does for me is *nobody's* business. Is that a promise?"

"All right," said Ian.

"And when," she asked brightly, "will you be back from the heather?"

"Never," said Ian M'Tosh firmly. "I shall stay. I am now The M'Tosh. I am the chief and last survivor of my clan."

"You're heaps more than *that,* my sweet," said his wife thoughtfully. She finished her cocktail, kissed her hand to him, and ran downstairs. The M'Tosh drove up to Town and caught the night express from King's Cross to Edinburgh. By the next evening he was treading the moors of his ancestors. The ancient castle of the M'Tosh chieftains had been in ruins for four hundred years, but a very old clansman of an allied tribe he met on the moor told Ian about a cave on Ben Buidhe where Alastair Drambuie Glenlevet Buchanan ("White Horse") M'Tosh had lain in the late eighteenth century hiding from Dr. Johnson, who was collecting subscriptions for his book on the Hebrides. It seemed to Ian the ideal stronghold for the last chief of the clan. As the old retainer, with feudal devotion, was laying out his chieftain's pyjamas, toothbrush, hair-tonic, and last week's BYSTANDER on a clean slab of rock, the M'Tosh enquired about the neighbouring chieftains.

THE old man said they were very fierce, wealthy, and powerful. To the south-east lay the country of Sir Isidore Klein, chief of the Clan Klein. To the south-west lay the country of Calvin H. Goober, chief of the great New York dry-goods clan of Goober and Fleischbaum, Inc.; but this chieftain was away in Monte Carlo, and would not be back for years. Both, the old man added, looked on the M'Tosh country as theirs, and they frequently took shooting-parties all over it.

"They do, do they, the dirty dogs!" said The M'Tosh between clenched teeth.

He brooded in silence for a time.

"Get me a goat, will you?" he said at length.

He had suddenly determined to raise the Clan M'Tosh against the Saxon interloper, Klein. When the old man had hobbled away to get a goat, he began, according to the ancient Highland ritual, to make a Fiery Cross to send around. Having found two yew-twigs he burned them in the flame of his Dunhill lighter, and

(Continued on page 498)

"A thousand clansmen, fully armed, will start from the heather"

LA ARGENTINA

The Spanish dancer, whose recitals in Europe, South America and the United States have made her world-famous, seen in one of her dances, "Lagarterana." She has recently appeared in a series of three special matinee recitals at the Adelphi Theatre under the management of C. B. Cochran, who has once again proved his ability to find new theatrical delights for London

THE M'TOSH (continued from page 496)

when the goat arrived he jabbed it with a nail-file and dipped the twigs in goat's blood. As he did so the goat kicked him violently on the ear. He then tied the twigs together, and handed the Fiery Cross ceremonially to the old clansman, who ceremonially handed it back.

"The Clan is up!" said The M'Tosh in a ringing voice. "The Clan is up! and what," he added, "is your name, incidentally?"

"Henry Arthur Smith," answered the old clansman with blazing eyes.

* * * * *

NEXT morning, some hours after dawn, The M'Tosh and his faithful clansman rose from the heather, where they had been crawling for some time, and faced the chief of the Clan Klein, who was approaching with a party of guests and gillies.

He resolved to speak to the interloper in English.

"See this whistle?" he said sternly, holding it up.

Sir Isidore Klein put on his pince-nez deliberately, and looked and nodded. He was a small man, stout, with a bald head and the imperious eagle nose of a true Highland chieftain. He wore shooting-clothes of a violent check.

"'The Clan is up!' said The M'Tosh"

"And then what?" he asked.

"I have only to blow this whistle," said The M'Tosh in a stentorian voice, "and a thousand clansmen, fully armed, will start from the heather."

Pause.

"They got to thtart from thomewhere, don't they?" suggested the chief of the Clan Klein rather absently. His eyes were fixed on The M'Tosh's tweed jacket under his plaid. The M'Tosh glared at him in silence. The conversation was not going very well.

"Anyway," said The M'Tosh, after an embarrassing pause, "my Clan is up! I give you warning. My clansmen are ready. In twenty-four hours, unless you leave my country for ever, the heather will be soaked in Saxon blood."

The eyes of Sir Isidore Klein wandered away from The M'Tosh's jacket to his guests, who were already some distance away. They did not care two pfennigs what happened to him. He frowned. Over the heather came the booming voice of a stout red guest advising everybody to put their shirts on Anaconda Prefs. for a big rise. Sir Isidore looked again at The M'Tosh's jacket, and turned suddenly very pale, and passed a hand over his eyes and tottered slightly. The M'Tosh, glaring, saw that the interloper was cowed. The Clan had conquered. As he turned to stride away through the heather with a contemptuous nod, the chief of the Clan Klein came suddenly close to him and took him by the lapel.

"Excuthe me, mithter," said the chieftain of the Clan Klein, in a trembling voice, "but oh! what a rotten buttonhole you got! Oh, pleathe, what a rotten buttonhole! Whoever should have made that buttonhole," said The M'Klein, almost weeping, "should ought to been ashamed of himthelf. Oh, my God, what a buttonhole! Oh, excuthe me. I never should thee what a buttonhole it should not be made like, but that there buttonhole like you got it. Oh, pleathe——"

ONE OF THOSE JOLLY "GOOD COMPANIONS"

Adele Dixon, who plays the part of Susie Dean in the dramatised version of J. B. Priestley's novel which is drawing all London to His Majesty's Theatre. This is the first important part this actress has played in the West End, but she has appeared many times at the Old Vic

With a hoarse, muffled yell The M'Tosh struck him to the earth, and began to run, with Henry Arthur Smith at his heels. He did not stop running till he reached his cave on Ben Buidhe.

* * * * *

HE is still there, brooding in his cave. His eyes are hollow, his cheeks haggard. A droning noise is heard. It is the faithful clansman, Henry Arthur Smith, reading aloud to his chief, from Bradshaw, the train services from Inverness to Dorking. It is the one thing which makes The M'Tosh's life worth living.

The goat is still alive somewhere. D. B. W. L.

PARIS GOSSIP

PERSONALITIES IN THE GAY CITY

BY SYLVIA LYON

The Riviera Summer Season is now beginning, and Juan-les-Pins is the most cosmopolitan and friendly resort on the Côte d'Azur. Cap d'Antibes is only a mile or two away, with its deep-water bathing, and other pastimes such as tennis and golf, to say nothing of cocktails at the Provençal, help to add variety to a jolly and health-giving holiday

Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch, the famous film stars, enjoying themselves on the beach at Juan. The original photograph is autographed below the word "Hurrah"

THE King of Spain was lunching quietly the other day at La Cigogne, in the Rue Duphot. There is good reason to lunch there, what with the Alsatian tiles (on the walls, not on the menu), the Rhine wines poured into tall, slim, coloured glasses, which match so perfectly the colour of the wines, and the marvellous pâté de foie gras, fresh from Strasbourg, that one can take home in case one likes fresh foie gras and has a home.

Therefore, I say, there is nothing remarkable about King Alfonso's lunching there. But when I say "lunching quietly," a question is brought up. Why should one not lunch quietly? This, of course, is difficult if one is eating celery, for even the late Luther Burbank could not invent noiseless celery, nor even squirtless grape-fruit.

In some French Tory restaurants where "pamplemousse" is grudgingly provided for diners in quest of grape-fruit, one might expect something called pamplemousse to do almost anything; therefore, the squeals of surprised pain that some listeners instead of studious observers interpret as gaiety.

I AM in favour of suppressing the term "quietly." I prefer stating that I saw Lady Carisbrooke lunching courageously at Armenonville the other day just before her return to London. It requires courage to lunch there, delightful though it is, for any moment one may find a chestnut-blossom floating in the consommé madrilène, and, again, one may find a few rain-drops: just one touch of nature makes the whole soup thin.

MR. ROGER WOLFE KAHN, jazz conductor, composer, aviator, bridegroom, and son of Otto Kahn, the financier, was dining expensively the other evening at Joseph. Joseph is truly a very quiet place: one glance at the prices would paralyse anybody, even so gilded a saxaphone-player as young Mr. Kahn.

A feature of the restaurant (which contains only about twelve tables) is a documentary work of art known as a coffee cup (demi-tasse is a term never heard in France) blazoned with a large "V.R.," Queen Victoria having dined there. And another feature is of the proprietor, who was the chef of the late Sir Wilfred Laurier, himself igniting crêpes, causing spectacular fireworks only to be rivalled by the illuminations at the Colonial Exhibition.

MR. JASCHA HEIFITZ and his wife, Florence Vidor, the cinema star, were sitting quietly on the terrace of Fouquet the other night about twelve o'clock. But I must be exact: the quiet was not so intense, as Heifitz was eating peanuts, and Sem, the cartoonist, was having an agitated conversation with a friend (I presume he

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Berlin, showing the final rehearsal of this production, which inaugurated the new open-air stage at Berlin-Friedrichshagen on Whit-Sunday. Proof, were it needed, that the Germans are more partial to Shakespeare than his fellow-countrymen

was a friend, perhaps he isn't now) a few tables distant. Sem and his companion rose and, still gesticulating violently, made their way up the Champs-Elysées. The gestures, however, were probably in the nature of a rehearsal. Sam lectured, a few days later, or, rather, "gave a witty little talk" about his old friend Boldini at the retrospective exhibition of the latter's paintings.

ONE of the features of the Colonial Exhibition is the Martinique building, where a perfect reconstruction has been made of the Empress Josephine's girlhood home. Another nephew of Don Jaime, Prince Gaëtan de Bourbon de Parme, is honeymooning in Corsica. His bride, formerly Princesse Marguerite de la Tour et Taxis (also known as Thurn und Taxis), is one of the richest heiresses in Europe, the family fortune having been founded when given the monopoly of Austro-Hungarian posts and telegraphs during the reign of Maria-Thérèse.

I hear that the Duchesse de Vendôme has offered her villa near Cannes to the King and Queen of Spain, and that their elder daughter, the Infanta Beatriz, will shortly become officially engaged to the second son of the Infanta Beatrice, which will make a double wedding of first cousins, as the Infanta Cristina is to marry Don Alfonso de Bourbon.

Mistinguette invades Berlin. The famous Parisian comedienne with her company from the Moulin Rouge has taken Berlin by storm. Her dancing partner is Carl Leslie

UNDER the name of Marie Belair, a new hat shop in the Rue des Petits-Champs has been opened by Madame Blacque-Belair, one of the prettiest and smartest women in Paris, whose husband is one of the youngest députés in Parliament, and whose father-in-law, General Blacque-Belair, was founder of the hippodrome at Le Touquet. This adds another name to the list of Society women who have gone into business, a feature of this one being that hats will only be made for good-looking women, and that the Comtesse de Casteja is head vendeuse. By the way, at Jenny Dolly's pyjama shop in the Champs-Elysées the clou of the collection is not merely one pyjama, it's one bed. Pyjamas and one fully equipped pink satin bed are included for the sum of five hundred guineas. But perhaps I should not say fully equipped; something seems to be lacking. . . .

MANY years ago the Rigaud perfume firm asked Mary Garden to give them the right to embellish their bottles with her name and profile, which the singer agreed to. But now there is trouble, because they are using the name of Mary Garden for face-powder, creams, etc., and Mary has brought suit in the French courts. More publicity to face.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala is not to give his annual garden-party this year. The reason being he is to relinquish his leasehold on the house in the Bois de Boulogne, a city property for which he has been paying only twelve thousand francs a year. The municipal council is raising money and raising objections, which I think is a great mistake. Heretofore they considered that the ground rentals of such places in the Bois and the Champs-Elysées as the Château de Madrid, Laurent, etc., should be low, as these outdoor restaurants are a great attraction to visitors, while the lessees run a financial risk owing to the hazards of weather.

S. L.

YOUTH WINS AMATEUR GOLF Championship

Eric Martin Smith (Royal St. George's) who met John de Forest (Addington) in the final on the Royal North Devon course at Westward Ho! seen at the finish of a drive. He beat his opponent by one hole.

A THRILLING MATCH

ERIC MARTIN SMITH, aged 22, the winner of the Amateur Golf Championship of 1931, has inherited his skill at the game from his father who, though never winning the Championship, was a golfer of repute. His opponent, John de Forest, aged 24, has improved his game enormously since visiting America. This final will go down in history as one of the best ever played

In difficulties among the rushes, which are a feature of the course. Eric Martin Smith, the winner, playing from a bad lie in approaching the 11th green in the final of the Amateur Championship

Youth triumphant! E. Martin Smith and John de Forest. They are two of the youngest players who ever competed in the final

F. J. Perry, one of the most improved of English players, making a forehand stroke. His skill at table-tennis has introduced into lawn tennis shots which, on occasions, closely approximate to those seen at "ping-pong"

Under the spreading chestnut trees the Yankee players sit. Miss watching the play and, perhaps, discussing strategy while the French Paris. George Lott and John van Ryn, in partnership,

H. W. Austin, who, on account of injury to his ankle, retired from the French Singles Championships in Paris. He is here seen welting the ball on the forehand

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall in action. A beautiful stylist, she was defeated in the singles by the wearing-down tactics of Fräulein Peitz, a game retriever at Paris

ENGLAND ON LAWN TENNIS

APART from the actual lawn tennis in the Paris championship there is any amount going on in the evenings. One night the big International Club dinner given to nearly a hundred players. Another night "Jean's party"—in other words, a most wonderfully organised dance given by that popular person, Jean Borotra; where everyone came and danced till seven in the morning, quite regardless of the hard work awaiting them on the courts that same day!

THE championships this year have been particularly pleasant for English spectators, because the English players have been so very much "in the picture," and it is really very cheering for our hopes at Wimbledon to see how well both men and women have been doing in France.

"BUNNY" AUSTIN'S defeat of young Christian Boussus (the British hard court champion of this year), and Perry's victory over Jean Borotra (in the International match), started them off full of confidence in the meeting; while "Pat" Hughes, who has been making lawn tennis history by beating Henri Cochet setless in the final at Milan, has made a crowd of new admirers, who are quite content to stand round the court and watch him put "cut," "spin," and "twist" of every kind and description on the ball, with, I must say, the most devastating effects upon his various opponents.

As a doubles pair Hughes and Perry are very entertaining to watch, and the French "gallery" (which is a somewhat unruly but extremely enthusiastic community) have thoroughly taken them to their hearts, and applaud the neat interceptions at the net and the inimitable "team work" which are such well-known characteristics of this pair.

We are rich in good men's pairs this summer, for Charles Kingsley and "Bunny" Austin make a fine combination, while Collins and Olliff can also be relied upon to put a good many opposition pairs out of a meeting.

As far as the girls are concerned "Betty and Eileen" have had a great success in Paris, and once more their very forceful demonstration of how the modern ladies' doubles should be played called forth many loud expressions of applause.

Eileen is "très mignon," according to the comments of the crowd, while Betty's forehand drive always produces a chorus of "formidables" from the audience.

I must say these two had a somewhat lucky "draw" in the doubles, but they gave some very entertaining displays, and their battle with Madame Mathieu and Señorita de Alvarez was a real competition to "hit the cover off the ball," as one spectator very aptly put it.

Mrs. Haylock, too, played some very clever tennis in the mixed, partnered by Hughes, and their defeat of Madame Mathieu and Leseur (the leading French pair) was a very fine effort indeed.

Helen Jacobs, George M. Lott, John van Ryn and Mrs. van Ryn, Championships were in progress at the Roland-Garros Stadium, carried off the Men's Doubles Championships

C. P. Hughes, a master of twists, swerves and googlies, seen making a backhand shot. He and F. J. Perry make a virile pair, who should develop into world-beaters

THE UP GRADE

By "Volleyer"

FRANCE was unlucky to have her finest player, Henri Cochet, laid up by "flu" at the last minute, and it was particularly bad luck for Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall in the mixed doubles, as she and Cochet had a third year for this event, and have always played so wonderfully well together in Paris.

The Señorita de Alvarez somewhat disappointed her many admirers by playing only in the singles and women's doubles, but her famous "trousers" have created a great deal of interest, and her spectacular play has most certainly been one of the big attractions of the meeting. She has a wonderful knack of making every stroke look extraordinarily easy, and anyone watching her has the impression that with very little practice one could go and do about as well.

MISS JOAN RIDLEY, whose fair colouring is always greatly admired by the French audiences, was in her most industrious mood, and worked diligently at her tapestry whenever she was not actually on court. Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem, as usual, was having an extremely good time, for she is as popular as she is pretty, which is saying a good deal. She has the happy knack of appearing to take her lawn tennis as a huge joke, but the moment she gets on to court she becomes one of the most determined little opponents possible.

IN mixed doubles Jean Borotra and Miss Ryan gave some wonderful displays of skill in putting out such good pairs as Del Bono and Signorina Valerio, with the loss of only three games, and at times they played better than any other mixed pair I have ever seen.

The American players do not seem to take their mixed doubles very seriously, and in the absence of "Bill" Tilden (her last year's partner) Fräulein Aussem seemed to combine very well indeed with Boussus, who is here, there and everywhere at the net, and, being left-handed into the bargain, makes a very difficult person to "pass" successfully.

FROM what I hear everyone of note is coming to Wimbledon, and the advance guard of the invading army will begin to arrive about June 1.

Everyone takes tennis very seriously nowadays, and far more of the foreign competitors come over for a full three weeks' play before the championships than they used to do. Consequently, the London meetings just before Wimbledon will be especially interesting this season.

VOLLEYER.

Signorina Lucia Valerio, woman champion of Italy, whose play in the Paris tournament was admired for its grace and freedom

A pair of champions and a champion pair. Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall and Miss Betty Nuthall, who won the French Doubles Championship without the loss of a set

RUTH DRAPER'S CHARACTER STUDIES

Ruth Draper has returned to Town and is giving her inimitable sketches of character at the Vaudeville Theatre. She is seen above "Opening a Bazaar"

Here Ruth Draper is seen in a study with an historical flavour. This sketch is entitled "At the Court of Philip IV of Spain"

Once more returning to modern times Ruth Draper is here playing one of three women (Mrs. Clifford) in "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." Mr. Clifford is, of course, conspicuous by his absence

Another of Ruth Draper's character sketches, in which she appears in "Three Generations in the Court of Domestic Relations." Inset centre: the actress off the stage as Ruth Draper

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

VIRGIN ISLANDS, OLD-WORLD SINGERS AND ROMANCE

By "Junius"

I WONDER how many people have heard of the Virgin Islands? I myself never knew they existed until I read *Lagooned in the Virgin Islands* (Routledge: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Hazel Ballance Eadie. Now, myself and other ignoramuses can learn in the most alluring manner that they are in the Caribbean Sea, and, for these times, are astonishingly difficult of access. We are apt to think that all the habitable—and most of the uninhabitable—places in the globe have already been explored; that there is very little fresh ground waiting for the adventurous. But Miss Eadie proves us to be wrong by one of the most original and romantic books of travel I have read for a long time. In fact, I can't remember any other book which strikes the same note—a combination of romance, erudition, vivid description of scenery, and an understanding of human nature, both white and black.

The book starts with high adventure. Miss Eadie and a friend decided to go to Tortola, even after they were told by their skipper, "No steamer calls there." But they found a motor launch which took them to what the writer calls "an island of enchantment." Tortola was discovered by Christopher Columbus, and later was used by pirates and buccaneers as a hiding-place for their treasure. Now it is a British possession and the residence of the Commissioner of the British Virgin Islands.

Miss Eadie has discovered Tortola anew. She and her friend lived in a hut overlooking a lagoon. From there they made all sorts of explorations amongst the bush and mountains which brought them many adventures, and as their knowledge of Tortola grew wider and wider, so Miss Eadie gained a deep perception of negro character which she gives us both with humour and pathos. Apart from this, Miss Eadie has steeped herself in the history of the Virgin Islands, and her pages abound with quaint descriptions by old-time travellers. Yes, a remarkable and original book. Only, personally, I shouldn't like the rats and the ants.

THE yellow jacket of *The Compelled Hero* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*) tells us that it is "the first novel of Mr. Richard Heron Ward, who has only just reached his twenty-first birthday." But for this information, the construction of the book, its style and descriptive power would lead you to think it was the work of a far older man. Mr. Ward has undoubted talent, and I hope will light upon a more pleasing set of people for the characters of his next novel. The setting of *The Compelled Hero* is laid in Bohemian Paris—a Bohemia with few manners and less morals—with a singer so temperamental that she can't be faithful to any lover as heroine. Sometimes you wonder if Mr. Ward's descriptions of certain sides of the life he depicts can possibly be from his own observation—seeing his age—or from what he has heard or read. Like all the young writers nowadays he provides his characters with lashings of drink on every possible occasion, and drags in references to things generally left unmentioned, for no reason at all. But time and his talent will doubtless change this.

A YOUNG NOVELIST OF PROMISE

Mr. Richard Heron Ward, whose new novel, "The Compelled Hero," published by Victor Gollancz, is reviewed on this page

Mr. Ward has been badly served by his publisher. On the jacket, in large letters, you read, "'He writes like an angel,' wrote Arnold Bennett." Naturally, you think this applies to Mr. Ward. Nothing of the kind. But, unless you open the book and read the inside of the jacket, you do not realise that the quotation is about the work of another author. Anything more misleading to the reader, or unfair to Mr. Ward, it would be difficult to imagine.

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has given us quite a new prototype in the central figure of his new book, *John Boddy* (Ward Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.*). John Boddy is a Metropolitan policeman. "There was an attractive geniality about him—a quick intelligence. He reminded me of the modern type of boxer—a fashion introduced into the ring by Carpentier. . . . His eye had a humorous twitch in it. His mouth the suppression of a smile. John Boddy wasn't a bad name for him."

There are ten stories of John Boddy's experiences in the police force, each showing an extraordinary knowledge of a particular world. John Boddy's comments on life give colour to them all. In one story, "The Celebrations of Selina," he says: "The people who are really respectable don't know it. They're just themselves. And you'd be surprised how few of 'em there are. Half those you come across in the police-court look as though they could no more transgress the law than eat their hats. But with my experience I've come to the conclusion that the law's as thin as a bubble of soap. And the amazing thing to me is how people keep 'emselves out of the dock for breaking it."

Is it too much to hope that, having created John Boddy, Mr. Thurston will let us have another volume? Personally, I hope John Boddy won't remain in perpetuity between the pages of this book.

OPERA-LOVERS, especially those of the older generation, will delight in *Great Women Singers of My Time* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Herman Klein. No one living now can speak with such authority of the great singers of the past. Mr. Klein heard Tietjens sing in the *Messiah* at the Norwich Festival in 1866, and throughout the earlier half of his career as a musical critic heard Christine Nilsson, Patti, Trebelli, Nordica—in fact, all the "queens of song." Mr. Klein considers that the singers of to-day are not equal to those of thirty to seventy years ago. As Mr. Ernest Newman points out in his foreword, in the days of our fathers and grandfathers the standard of singing was higher. Certainly no singer of to-day rouses the popular enthusiasm which surrounded the life of a diva—as they used to be called—of those days: an enthusiasm which led audiences to crowd under hotel windows after the performance was over just to see their favourite, or take the horses out of her carriage and draw her home. Mr. Newman says singers now are "too plentiful, and for the most part too much on the one level, for us to feel much wonder at them."

Mr. Klein does not mention this incident in his account of Adelina Patti. But it bears out the sovereignty of her position. She married the Marquis de Caux, one of the Empress Eugénie's gentlemen. Patti, as queen of the opera stage, thought she had every right to be one of the Empress's ladies. But when the matter was broached to the Empress, she said decidedly: "Non! Nous sommes assez bêtes comme nous sommes." "JUNIUS."

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FLYING NOTES

A picture taken from the air of the Avro trainer fitted with an Armstrong Siddeley Lynx engine

THE PRIVATE OWNER AND RACING

BY

CAPT. W. E. JOHNS

By the time these words appear in print nearly a score of light aeroplanes, representing some seven or eight different types, will have faced the starter for the Heston-Newcastle (Cramlington) Air Race for the *Newcastle Evening World* Trophy, and the result will have been decided.

It is interesting to note the way private owners are finding their way into the competitive arena, and this indicates clearly the mistake of thinking of air racing as a matter concerning only professional pilots; or, as the definition of the word "professional," as applied to aviators, is likely to lead to some heated arguments in the matter of the King's Cup Race, perhaps it would be better to say "full time" or "commercial" pilots.

To keep the sporting interest alive in civil aviation, amateurs, and by amateurs I mean those having no connection whatever with the aircraft industry, must be furnished with some definite interest. There is nothing very exciting in simply flying an aircraft from here to there over familiar country, and continuous circuits over the aerodrome are soon likely to become monotonous. There may be a few people who find this sort of flying sufficient, in the same way that some people are content to ride horses without necessarily hunting or playing polo, but the average man or woman who learns to fly and buys an aeroplane soon looks about for some definite purpose in flying. Some form of aerial recreation must be provided for them when the first novelty of ordinary simple flying is beginning to wear off, and there seems no easier or better way of accomplishing this than by getting them in competition with each other. Furthermore, such events bring pilots and their friends together in an informal way, and the advantages of such meetings are many.

Straightforward racing is always likely to be popular as it can be exciting without being in the least degree dangerous, and as most air races are handicaps—which measures the quality of the pilots rather than the inherent performance of the aircraft—the element of uncertainty as to the result affords considerable interest to spectators as well as those taking part. The pilot who owns an obsolete type of machine with a top speed of 100 m.p.h. has the same chance of success as the millionaire pilot who owns a super-craft with all the trimmings and cruises at 200 m.p.h. Such races need not be expensive either for the organisers or the competitors.

The construction of aeroplanes for the sporting private owner might become a strong pillar of support to the aircraft industry, and the sooner the potential buyer is shown by demonstration how he can get the utmost pleasure out of his machine the better. A sporting race in which he can participate will be one of the chief attractions.

Alderman Sennington meeting Mr. Norman at Bristol Airport on the occasion of the handing over of the new Airwork hangar

More Airwork Activity

THE new airwork hangar at Bristol Airpost has now been formally handed over to Mr. Norman, of Heston, by Alderman Sennington, of the Bristol Corporation.

Besides private lock-ups it contains stores, and ample room for overhauls and other service work. It is at this stage purely an experiment, and as such its progress will no doubt be watched by its sponsors with the same critical interest that has marked all Heston innovations.

Aerial Pageant at Hull

A NATIONAL Flying Services Aerial Pageant is to be held at Hedon Aerodrome, Hull, on June 7, and at least fifty machines are expected to take part. It will be opened by Sir Alan Cobham, and Lady Cobham will distribute the prizes. Among other attractions the programme includes a grand "fly past" of all the aeroplanes present, aerobatic displays by Flight-Lieut. N. S. Staniland and Flying Officers Johnson and Watt on a Fairey "Firefly," Blackburn "Lincock" and Southern Aircraft "Martlet" respectively, and demonstrations by the new improved Auto-gyro. The performance will conclude with a parachute descent by a lady pilot.

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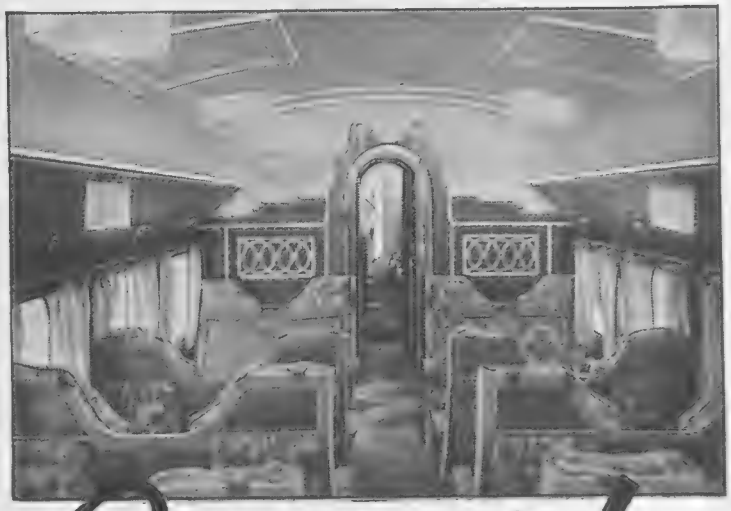

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GOLF GOSSIP

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

Mr. W. B. Torrance, who lately played a record round of 69 on the Queen's Course in the Silver Tassie Tournament at Gleneagles, and who holds the amateur record (69) for Sandy Lodge

I THINK the selection of George Duncan for the Ryder Cup team at this late hour is a great mistake; had he been chosen with the first batch the selectors would have been more than justified; his past play and experience almost demanded his inclusion, but they seemingly could not make up their minds. Now, when he is apparently not too fit and his play compares very unfavourably with that of several others whose names have been suggested, they seem to have decided that he is essential to the team. They will lay themselves open for a great deal of criticism unless he does return to form and produce some of that brilliant play of which we all know he is capable.

* * *

ARTHUR HAVERS is a man I would like to see in the team; as I said a few weeks ago, he is playing very well. Only a few days ago, playing with Miss Hyde at Sandy Lodge, he holed out in 55, made up as follows:—

5 4 3 4 5 4 3 3 3=34 out.
2 5 3 4 4 3 4 4 2=31 home.

Unfortunately, this will not count as a record, as it was only done in a friendly match, but the course was at full stretch and everything was holed out. The existing records for Sandy Lodge are:—

Amateur.—T. A. Torrance, 69.
Professional.—Abe Mitchell, 70.

Since these records were made the 10th hole has been altered. It is, I should say, twenty yards longer, and the green has been raised some ten feet.

* * *

WHY is it that our makers of golf requisites do not copy the example of their American rivals? The advertisements of golf clubs, balls and various items of clothing in American magazines are made so attractive that one feels that without these accessories it is quite impossible to play good golf, yet on this side of the water there are many articles deserving to be widely known, but which, unless spotted in the "pro's shop," will remain unknown. Considering the popularity of golf its devotees must now run into millions; it surely would pay to advertise in a really attractive manner.

* * *

TALKING of "gadgets" reminds me of the difference between two golfers of my acquaintance, both the same handicap; one has a beautiful set of rustless steel clubs, about sixteen in all, a bag that must strike awe into the heart of a caddie; the other uses a dilapidated bag containing three iron and two wooden clubs. The irons are nearly forty years old, and I should doubt if they have been cleaned for twenty. I am sure no caddie would undertake the task. The faultlessly attired and equipped one may drive a longer ball, but the other man, often using his driver in place of a brassey, is straight down the middle every time, and by virtue of his steadiness is usually the victor. The moral of my story is that luxurious equipment is no help to good play. I must, however, say that I think the luxury of the gorgeous Rolls-Royce which Douglas Fairbanks used at Westward Ho! should have helped him materially. I feel sure he was thinking more of the comfort of his "golf widow," Mary Pickford, than of his own. They tell me that at Hollywood it is the ultimate ambition of every star to own a palace at Beverly Hills—and a Rolls.

* * *

W. B. TORRANCE'S record round of 69 on the Queen's Course in the Silver Tassie tournament at Gleneagles was indeed a brilliant effort. Carnoustie is the centre of interest at the moment; the reconstructed course measures 6,701 yards. The eighth hole, guarded by innumerable bunkers, is likely to prove a severe obstacle to many.

* * *

WITH such authors as Joyce and Roger Wethered, Barnard Darwin, Horace Hutchinson, and T. Simpson, "The Game of Golf" is bound to be read by a large number of golf enthusiasts. In the chapters by the Wethereds it is more than interesting to compare Miss Wethered's swing with that of Bobby Jones.

* * *

BOBBY JONES, in "Bobby Jones on Golf," states that the new ball increases enjoyment of the game. He says, to him the outstanding delight of the ball is its ready response to every kind of shot; it has a pleasant feel and makes possible shots which simply could not be played with the heavier ball; it sits up higher in the grass and does not need to be hit so hard to obtain elevation. He does not consider the loss of a few yards in length of any importance.

* * *

Congratulations to Miss Jestyn Jeffries on again winning the Welsh Ladies' Championship.

Miss Dorothy Pearson recently created a ladies' record for the Hindhead course with a score of 76.

Arthur Havers, who recently went round the Sandy Lodge Course in 65 strokes. As this was in a "friendly" it does not constitute a record. Our contributor suggests he would be the right man in the right place in the Ryder Cup team

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

AN EVENING TROUSERED ENSEMBLE

It was created by Patou and has gone into residence at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. It consists of white satin trousers with a divided overskirt and coatee of black satin. The tuck-in jumper is decorated with embroidery

DETACHABLE BASQUES, CLUSTER NECKLACES, AND TAILORED SUITS

This simple tuck-in blouse is destined to be carried out in two shades of Courtaulds' Courgette, an attractive crêpe fabric

Admirable Foils

THE summer frocks are admirable foils for the modish accessories that play such prominent rôles in the dress budget. No matter whether it be of wool or silk, the skirt moulds the hips and varies its length according to the functions for which it is needed. Quite the newest idea is the detachable basque; it is rather full, and is several inches longer at the back than in front. This idea in the form of a cape is present on the shoulders. Should the dress be patterned, then the basque and cape would be plain. Should the dress be sleeveless, a pair of bell sleeves are introduced; they are held in position with a lattice-work of ribbons at the back, the scheme being completed with a muffler loosely knotted at one side.

Cluster Necklaces

IN these days of synthetic gems all monotony is banished from the domain of jewellery. Reference has already been made to necklaces and bracelets of natural flowers; the vogue becomes more pronounced every day. Another novelty is observed in the graduated cluster necklaces made of millions of multi-coloured beads; in the distance they look as though a toll had been levied on the sweets known in years gone by as hundreds-and-thousands. Large beads and rondels are seen in happy unison, and the colour scheme must harmonise with that of the frock. Then those made of an ivory composition must not be overlooked. Decidedly original and attractive is the three-in-one or puzzle ring. It is carried out in three shades of real gold, and consists of three circles; they are twisted in such a manner that they cannot be divorced. In order to adjust them they must be placed on a table and then the finger is passed through them.

Above: A study in black and white is this distinctive tailored suit. It was built by that well-known tailor, Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W.

The Triumph of the Tailored Suits

NEVER has the tailored suit been regarded with such favour as it is at this date in the calendar. There are so many variations on the theme that it may be appropriately worn on many occasions of a totally different character. Illustrated on this page is a particularly smart model which has been designed and carried out by that well-known tailor, Smee, 55, South Molton Street. The skirt is expressed in one of the new black wool fabrics, and the coat is white. It may be carried out in different colour schemes, and in the order of things reverse the coat and the skirt, while it looks extremely well in flannel.

Courtaulds' Fabrics

WOMEN who are clever with their needles always like to make their own blouses, as by so doing they are able to be the possessors of something that is different. The models pictured on this page, which have been designed by Margot, would look particularly well expressed in Courgette: it is available in a number of lovely shades. It is 36-37 inches, and is endowed with unique wearing qualities.

Right: The slight "fall over" above the waist line of this jumper is extremely becoming—it would look decidedly smart carried out in Courtaulds' Courgette

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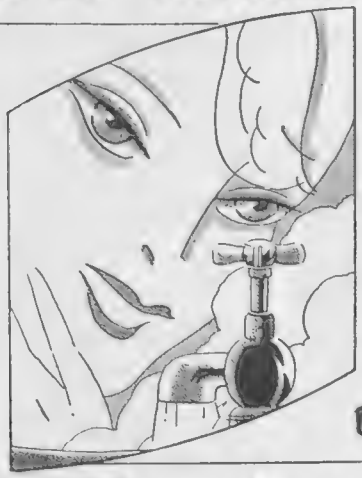
"WAGON-LITS" SLEEPING SET IN PINK TOILE DE SOIE. £6
ALSO OBTAINABLE IN LINEN AND CREPE DE CHINE

SPECIALISTS IN
SPORTS JUMPERS
LINGERIE
DESHABILLÉS
SILK STOCKINGS
HANDKERCHIEFS
BABY WEAR
HOUSEHOLD LINEN
ETC.,

REALLY..! You can *feel* something different about Wright's something that's good for the skin"



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6d per tablet

PETER ROBINSON

661. Smartly-fitting Coat of Wool Romaine, made in Peter Robinson's workrooms. Finished with attractive collar and cuffs of Galiak trimmed with Ermine. Lined with Crêpe de Chine. *21 gns.*

Catalogue of Summer Fashions on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

MOTOR NOTES

TUNNELS FOR TRAFFIC — By E. M. Wright

In foreign "climbs"! The Hillman "Wizard" photographed in Buenos Aires with Mr. R. C. Rootes (centre), Mr. Leeding, Chief Engineer, and Mr. Cook, Sales Director of Rootes (Argentina), Ltd.

LIVERPOOL will soon be able to boast of one of the largest under-water tunnels in the world. The three-mile tunnel for all classes of road traffic which is now being built under the Mersey will, in its own sphere, be something of a wonder, and will outclass the two-mile Holland tunnel which links New York with New Jersey. I am glad that we are building something bigger and better than is to be found in America. But I am rather surprised that there are, comparatively speaking, so few road tunnels. The very first tunnel under the Thames, if I remember rightly, was built not for trains but for road traffic. Nevertheless, despite growing congestion in Central London, no popular plan for easing cross-river traffic includes any scheme for further road tunnels. Keeping the air free from fumes was at one time the major difficulty in building a tunnel for motor traffic, but in the light of the experience gained in New York the difficulty of ensuring adequate ventilation is by no means insuperable. In fact, the air in the Holland tunnel is probably purer than that of many streets.

***

WHY do we not have more tunnels? We are forever complaining of the inadequacy of our roads and our bridges. Our cities—and London particularly—are so built over that any large-scale attempt at replanning the streets would be prohibitively costly. Unless we all take to flying we shall soon be left with the choice of either building streets on top of those which already exist or digging tunnels underneath. Short of pulling down most of London there is no other alternative to growing traffic congestion. A few "key" tunnels in London would greatly relieve this traffic congestion. Just as we build comparatively short stretches of road to by-pass busy towns and villages, we could build tunnels to by-pass some of the more notoriously congested intersections and circuses. I know the work would be costly. I know that it would not be easy. The ground beneath the roadway is already a mass of sewers, water mains, gas mains, telephone mains, and so forth. The frequency with which a road is up for workmen to get at one or other of those pipes and mains is sufficient reminder of that. The various pipe-lines could be left in the subway where anyone could get at them without the aid of the pneumatic drill, the weary road-mender, and his barricade festooned with lamps and flags. There would be no need for workmen to grub up our streets like dogs in search of buried bones. Both the navvies and the pipes they love to tinker with would be underground.

***

IF one could by-pass comparatively few overloaded crossings and intersections a very appreciable speeding up of the traffic would result. If, for instance, one could go to earth at Pall Mall and reappear in Regent Street, north of Piccadilly, the travelling time between Trafalgar Square and Oxford Circus, say, would be halved. If the flood of cars which debouches from Berkeley Street on to Piccadilly could be led away underground, motorists could break records between the Circus and Hyde Park Corner. The tunnels need never be long, but even where they were only a hundred yards or so they would serve their purpose. Traffic jams extending the length of a street would be the exception rather than the rule.

***

MORE ambitious, of course, would be long stretches of tunnel. For instance, down the greater part of Oxford Street such schemes have been mooted, and probably will yet materialise. The tram might even oust the bus owing to the ease with which the former can be put underground. Heresy though it be, I rather hope the tram *will* oust the bus—provided it is buried and does not insist upon emerging from its "tomb" at crowded intersections as does the underground tramway in Southampton Row. I like our cheerful red buses; I like them much better than our dirty, dingy trams; but I should like best of all to see both of them buried.

***

WHILST we are burying things, why do we allow steam railway trains to clutter up useful space in Central London? Why not bury them, too? Once again New York has shown us the way. One at least of their big railway terminals is nowadays no longer to be seen. It is now beneath huge blocks of buildings and a broad avenue. It has been proposed in all seriousness that we should cover up our railway stations. Put the trains down below and build offices and so forth on top. We should then build arterial roads over the lines themselves. Such schemes would be extremely

(*Continued on page iv*)

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford outside their hotel in London, and also outside Mary Pickford's 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce car which her husband presented to her as a surprise gift on their landing at Southampton

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

Beautiful Germany

Information and Propectuses of travel facilities to German Spas are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and from the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Come and see! The beautiful Rhineland

Prospectuses: **"Holidays on the Rhine," "The Rhine in Flames," "By Air from the Lake of Constance to the North Sea," "The Rhine and its Lateral Valleys,"** obtainable from: German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. all Travel Bureaux and the Rheinischer Verkehrsverband E.V., Bad Godesberg am Rhein.

Coblenz, the old town on the German Eck, junction of the rivers Rhine, Mosel and Lahn, best place for a lengthy recuperative holiday and for excursions. Information from the "Städt. Verkehrsamt."

In Baden-Baden "Bellevue" first-class and very reasonable. Ask for prospectus.

Bühlerhöhe
2,600 ft. above sea-level nr. Baden-Baden Kurhaus (90 beds) Sanatorium (60 beds), modern comfort. Physical and dietetic treatment. Metabolic laboratory. Infectious and mental cases not admitted.
Tennis — Hunting — Trout fishing.

Ostseebad Travemünde Beautiful resort for holidays and all sports, golf links. 1½ hours from Hamburg, 4½ hours from Berlin. Prospectus from the "Badeverwaltung."

Bavaria **Munich.**—The centre of Culture in South Germany Starting point for all expeditions into the Bavarian Alps. Objects of Interest: Deutsches Museum, old and new Pinakothek, Residenzmuseum, etc. Special arrangements Summer. 1931: Wagner and Mozart festivals, festive theatrical productions in all the theatres, Modern and Chamber Music. Serenades in the Brunnenhof of the Residenz. Munich Art Exhibition in the Glaspalast. Verkehrsverband München, Hauptbahnhof.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen The leading open-air resort in the Bavarian Alps. 90 mins. from Munich. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming. Rope Suspension Railway to the Kreuzeck, 1652 m., and to the Wank, 1780 m.
Bavarian Zugspitzrailway. Rack Railway 2964 with **Hotel Schneefernerhaus.**

Alpenhof-Parkhotel G. Pension from RM. 13.
Golfhotel Sonnenbichl G. Pension from RM. 13.
Eibsee Hotel 1,000 m. Most beautiful bathing beach at the foot of the Zugspitze. Pension RM.9. to RM.17. Motor bus connection.
G.—Garmisch. **P.**—Partenkirchen.

Hotel Gibson and Hotel Schönblick P. Pension from RM.13.
Hotel Pension Kohlhardt G. Pension from RM.8.
Hotel "Der Kurhof" the family hotel **P.** Pension from RM.10.
Dr. Wiggers Kurheim Sanatorium **P.** Four doctors with many years' clinical experience.

Information, Prospectuses from the Kurverwaltung, the Travel Bureaux and from each Hotel.

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VOLCANIC MUD SPRINGS OF 152°F.
SUCCESSFUL CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURALGIA, ARTHRITIS.

Head Physician:
DR. LUDWIG NEUWIRTH.
MODERATE TERMS.
Every Comfort. English Cuisine.
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ENJOY YOUR LEISURE HOURS AFLOAT IN YOUR OWN LITTLE VESSEL.

KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES obtainable from stock in great variety. 35 standard models in range.

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OVER 250,000 H.P. IN SERVICE.

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An entirely new
TRIUMPH
Super Seven Saloon

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Such luxury features as these set this Triumph Super Seven Saloon apart from all other low-priced small cars. Write to-day for full details.

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The better the oil the better she runs
SO USE WOLSELEY

An interesting Lubrication Chart sent free on request.

"Filtrate" REG.

if you own a Wolseley car.

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Officially recommended by Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd.

BECAUSE it keeps the hair always immaculate, yet does not make it appear artificially plastered down, Rowland's Macassar Oil is the favourite hair preparation amongst those men and women who pride themselves upon their perfect grooming.

Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 3/6, 7/- & 10/6.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 22 Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

costly, but they would provide a magnificent solution to the difficulty of getting in and out of London. To have broad highways with an exceptionally easy grade and with very few side-turnings leading in every direction out of London would at one stroke remove long-distance and through traffic from the streets.

It is a splendid dream. Whether it is economically practical at the moment is another matter, but doubtless these things will be done in the dream city of the future. Elevated roadways would ruin many a magnificent street. Who dare contemplate one down the centre of Whitehall? But a tunnel underneath would take the same volume of traffic off the present road, and leave it utterly unspoilt. Where would we now be without our tubes? Perhaps in a few years' time we shall be asking the same question of our underground roads.

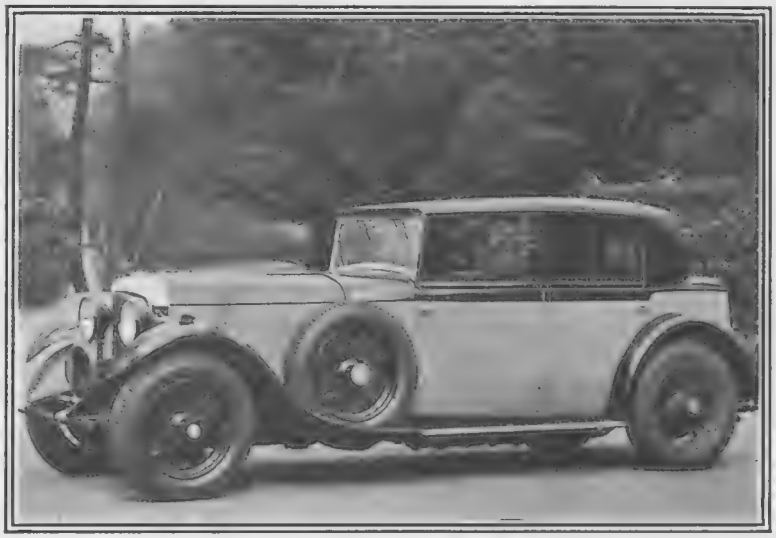
IN THE NEWS

The "Little Six"

At one time the four-cylinder type of car, carrying a £12 tax, was by far the most popular in this country. Registration figures show that it has given place to the "baby" of 8 h.p. This is no doubt partly due to the present hard times and the need for economy, but it is more significant than that. Cars are now becoming more and more a means of transport rather than a recreation or pleasure. The small car of seven-point-something h.p. offers a means of carrying four people just as far, practically as fast, in nearly as much comfort and at one-third less cost all round than the cheap car of twelve h.p. As far as refinement, silence, acceleration, and other finer points of motoring are concerned, there is almost nothing to choose between them. And yet who would say that the twelve h.p. car is dead? The extra power will always be wanted if it can be obtained with the corresponding increase in acceleration, silence, and sweetness of running; and it can. A type of car has arrived that possesses all these desirable qualities. It is the "Little Six" of £12 tax.

It is formed in most cases by making a six-cylinder version of the existing four-cylinder, and adding just a little to the chassis length and body space. The result is a car with fifty per cent. more power but not fifty per cent. more weight; and as performance must always depend on the ratio of power to weight, the performance of these little Sixes is so much the more sparkling than that of the babies out of which they have grown. But performance in itself is not all. The most charming feature of this new type of car is its silence and smoothness.

E. M. W.



The new four-litre Bentley introduced to the public just before Whitsun. The wheelbase allows of all kinds of bodywork to be fitted, while on a longer model a full seven-seater with two face-forward occasional seats can easily be mounted. A new valve gear combined with a special form of combustion chamber gives the fine figure of 30 b.h.p. per litre of capacity

DON'T FORGET!

OUR
SUMMER NUMBER
WILL BE ON SALE
NEXT WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10th.

ORDER EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

Increased in size, but no increase in price.

1/-

POPE & BRADLEY

A CAUSE FOR CONFIDENCE

IT should hardly be necessary for a House of our standing to say that we believe in ourselves, that we love our job and strive always towards perfection. Yet there are so many firms in England who are losing confidence, allowing themselves to sink under by exaggerating a period of general depression instead of fighting against it, that we feel a few vigorous statements, however platitudinous, may not be amiss.

WE know that there is no other firm in the West End of London which can build finer clothes than ours. And there are very very few whose products are as good.

PERHAPS there is a younger and more progressive spirit about our House than exists in some. We welcome difficulties, knowing that they test one's strength, and are an added spur to greater effort, harder work, more imagination.

INSTEAD of allowing any pessimistic apathy to affect us, our House has never been keyed to a higher pitch of efficiency. In addition, we are developing our foreign trade to a greater extent than ever before.

SOLID and vigorous, we have no reason to be despondent because people cannot afford to spend as much on clothes as they would in normal times. It merely means that we have to make a greater effort to attract fresh custom. Lightheartedly, yet with determined attitude, the firm is inspired with the spirit of confident optimism—an optimism backed by the production of clothes which are cut and hand-sewn by artists. Britain produces mellow whisky, perfect steel, refined gin, and water—nature's most priceless gift—which enables us to manufacture the finest woollen materials in the world.

ENGLAND can command the woollen market, and by natural advantages and tradition she can dominate men's fashions internationally.

POPE AND BRADLEY'S prices may appear high to some, but they are modest in comparison with their quality. Lounge Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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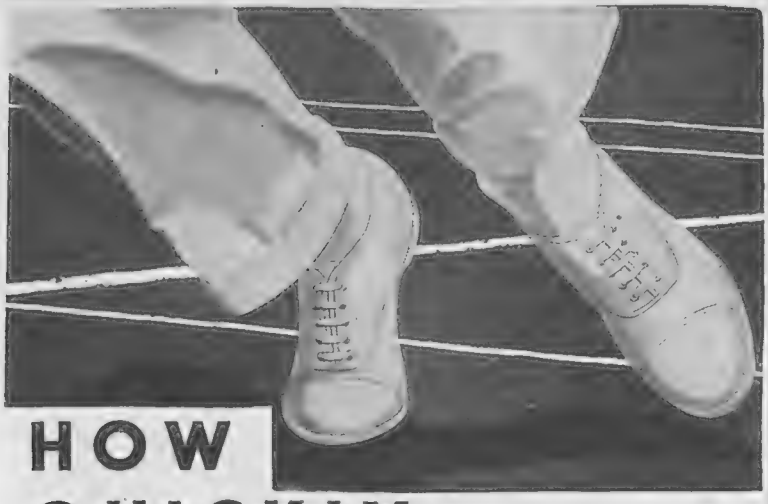

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North British "Scotia" Moulded Shoes are better shoes—at ordinary prices. Men's 5/11, Women's 4/11 (in U.K.)

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British Manufacture.

In superfine fur felt—the newest sports shape—trimmed with faille ribbon and sports feather mount in front which can be adjusted for front or side.

Sizes	6½	6¾	7
Inches	20⅜"	21¼"	22"

Colours: Hazel-Brown, Tabac, Chocolate, Morocco Red, Nest Greens, Old Blue, Patou Blue, New Blue, Grey, Beige, Turquoise, and Harris colours, also Black.

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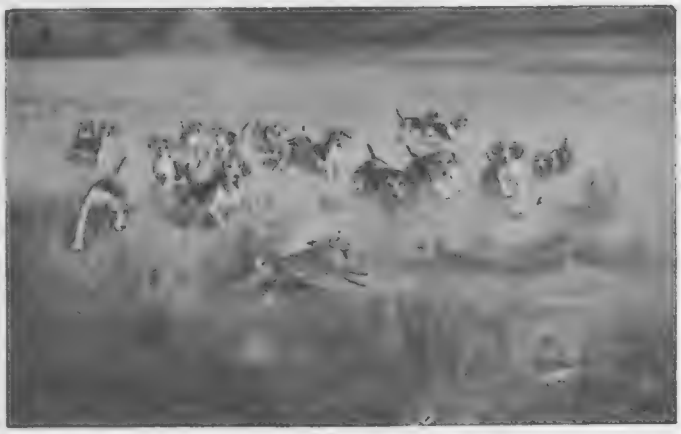

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a real good "buy"

French SARDINES *in olive oil*

FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · *EST^D 1844.*

DOGS

On Starting a Kennel — By Lady Kitty Ritson

I have received many letters this week from novices who want to start a kennel, and nearly every one wishes to buy a stud dog, and asks where he can get one.

This is a great mistake, for, in the first place, this is a costly and risky method. It is advisable to get to know the fancy and also to get known before you can hope to do anything with a stud dog. You must win with your bitches if you hope to sell your puppies, and it is much more creditable and far greater fun to make your own stud dog a champion.

You can watch your puppies winning, and think of the joy it brings when you get those "three certificates." It is a wonderful day, for you feel all your hard work and patience is fully repaid.

It is risky for a novice to try to buy a stud dog, as anyone with a really first-class winning dog of champion class could naturally demand a very big price. It is better, therefore, to dispense with the stud dog to begin with. Get a couple of really first-class bitches, win with them and get them well known at good shows, pay for a first-class or even champion sire and then devote your time to your puppies. That is best in the end.

The Windsor Championships on June 10, which are held in the Great Park, is a most attractive function. The dogs enjoy the open-air shows, and it is not so hard on them as when exhibited in large halls. The town itself is well worth a visit after the show, and many attractions can be found in this delightful old place.

The first Open Dog Show promoted by the West of England Ladies' Kennel Society was lately held at Pittville Gardens, Cheltenham. Seen above is Miss Heath Guy with Mrs. E. Hone's Old English Sheepdogs, Bhurra Blue Monarch and Bonnie Snowflake

The Taunton Championship Show starts to-morrow, June 4, then the Bournemouth Championship Show, held on June 24 in Meyrick Park, is also a very popular event.

I was greatly distressed in London the other day to see so many careless people who were walking along evidently feeling the heat, which came rather suddenly after the cold and rain, chatting very happily shaded by a parasol, and some poor little dog panting along on a lead. Don't forget he feels the heat more than you do. He cannot change his coat for a thinner one.

A walk on the shady side would be so much kinder for those little pads, which feel the heat just as much as our feet. You could chat just as freely to your friends, at the same time your little four-footed one would enjoy his walk so much better.

I think during the hot weather a really good thing, both for the owner and dog, is a walk in the early morning before breakfast. The parks in Town are very attractive, and if you are fortunate enough to be near country lanes he is delighted at getting the chance of early exercise—and watch how he enjoys his meal after an early morning ramble! If one lives in a town the streets are safer in the early morning, and gives a chance for your companion to have a good scamper before it becomes unsafe for dogs to go loose. And an early morning walk is equally good for you!

Wildbad *in the Black Forest*

Germany—1400 to 2500 feet above sea-level.
Curative Springs, 93-99° F., for hundreds of years proved beneficial for gout, rheumatism, sciatica, nerve troubles, etc.
Rejuvenation; all modern curative methods. Sport. Mountain railway. Beautiful woods. Anglican Divine service
Information from the "Badverwaltung" or the "Kurverein" Wildbad in the Black Forest, and all tourist agencies

Excellent Trout Fishing

HOTEL QUELLENHOF Offering everthing to render your stay a pleasant one. Incl. terms from 13 -.
For full particulars apply to Mr. Otto Busch, Manager

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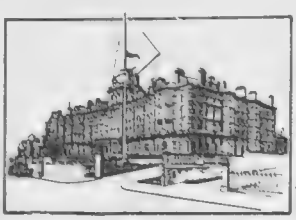

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MACÉDOINE DE FRUITS AUX ORANGES.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Hors d'Œuvres (Salade de Chouxfleur)

BOIL a cauliflower in salted water till tender, but not overdone; when cold cut it up neatly in small sprigs. Beat up together three tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste; rub the dish slightly with garlic, arrange the pieces of cauliflower on it, strew over them some capers, a little tarragon, chervil and parsley, all finely minced. Pour the oil and vinegar over and serve.

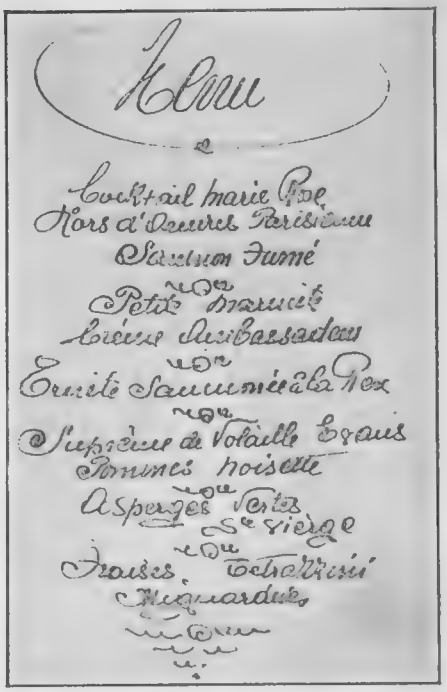
Filets de Barbue à la Francaise

TAKE some fillets of brill freed from the dark skin, and roll up each and skewer, then dip each in beaten egg mixed with a little oiled butter, and lastly roll in breadcrumbs. Heat up about ½ lb. of clarified butter and lard in a fireproof pan; when quite hot place in the prepared fillets of brill and fry to a golden colour. Take up, drain, and keep hot.

Have ready about half an ounce of fresh butter mixed with lemon juice and anchovy essence to taste, and a little finely chopped parsley. Dish up the fish, putting a small lump of this butter on top of each fillet; garnish the dish with crisp parsley, and serve.

Olives de Bœuf

CUT a one-and-a-half-pound piece of fillet of beef into slices about three inches long by one inch thick; beat them with a wet cutlet bat. Chop up all the trimmings of the beef and mince with them two ounces of suet, a teaspoonful of parsley, and a saltspoonful of thyme and marjoram. Mix them all well together with three ounces of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of a lemon, a saltspoonful of salt and pepper, and one egg. Farce each piece of beef with this mixture, roll it up and tie it round with a piece of string Put these olives into a stewpan with one pint of brown sauce, and stew slowly for fifty minutes. Cut the string before serving, and dish up with a purée of spinach in the centre and the strained sauce around.



The menu of an attractive dinner served at the Piccadilly Hotel on the occasion of the return of Rex Evans to cabaret after a long absence

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"East Coast for Sunshine"

The L.N.E.R. announce that important additions to the train services will be made commencing June 1. The 12.25 p.m. express from Liverpool Street to Cromer, Lowestoft and Yarmouth, at present Saturdays only, will run daily, and there will be two additional expresses from Yarmouth and Lowestoft to Liverpool Street.

An additional express will leave King's Cross at 9.50 a.m. on Mondays for Edinburgh. There will also be numerous additional trains on the Clacton and Felixstowe branches, and through trains between Leicester, Nottingham, Derby and Skegness and Mablethorpe. On Saturdays only, commencing June 20, a through train will run between Manchester and Scarborough in each direction and through carriages between Liverpool and Scarborough.

For the Kiddies

Children will delight in the "Funnizoo" Alphabet which has just been published by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., of Raphael House, Moorfields. A "Funnizoo" box contains twenty-six postcards of comic freak animals and birds in outline, each described with amusing verses, and a box of paints complete with brush, while the coloured animals on the lid of the box will show how the outline pictures may be painted.

A Tip for Ascot and Other Occasions

At a time when economy means much, it is pleasing to find a really first-class champagne, equal to the majority of vintage wines, at a reasonable price. Early though it is in the season, it is clearly evident that Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" Champagne continues to increase in favour with the public. This can be attributed to its merit embodying all those qualities appealing most to the connoisseur which have been so consistently maintained for many years past.

A Plea for the Poor

Such sterling work is done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, where no destitute child is ever refused admission, that it is superfluous to sing its praises. In these hard times, however, charities suffer, but it can only be hoped that so worthy an object as this will not suffer in consequence. No gift is too small, none too large, and remittances will be gratefully received at 18, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.1.

THE CURE (continued from page 493)

man in the 'plane, that he told her that he was staying the night at the Plassy, and was going on to Geneva the next day. He was, she said, the son of a clergyman somewhere in the Midlands, and he was on an engineering job of sorts. She said it all in a kind of cold monotone, as if I was some kind of loathsome thing to whom an intolerable law made it necessary to explain these things. I said nothing. When she had finished her coffee we got up and left the room. In the hall that damned girl came up to me with a beastly smile on her lips, and said she'd forgotten to leave her address, and forced a card on me. . . ." He paused. "Then Peg and I went up to my bedroom," he said heavily.

"And then?" I asked.

"I told her," he answered slowly, "that the girl was the daughter of a clergyman at Chambéry whom I'd sat next to on the Golden Arrow."

"And Peg?"

"She laughed. You know the kind of laugh. Beastly!"

There was a long pause.

"We came back the next morning," he went on at last. "I don't think we spoke half a dozen words all the way to Victoria.

"It's been hell since then," he said, "plain hell! You see . . really, we're fond of each other. I mean *really* fond. Now, she won't believe the truth about that girl—and I . . . I can't altogether believe that fellow was the son of a clergyman in the Midlands. I mean, I don't think Peg . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "We hardly speak at all," he finished, "and my bed has been moved into the dressing-room. I thought I'd tell you," he muttered, and then he shuffled out of the room.

I did the only thing possible. Craved an audience of Peg and humbly told her that the whole thing had been my fault from start to finish. Peg regarded me as if I was something which had crawled out of a damp drain-pipe. I got out of the house thankfully, but without dignity. I don't know how that household gets on now. I've never been asked there since. And the last time I saw Harry Mason at the club he cut me dead. J. H. T.

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AN exquisite gown of printed chiffon and fine needlerun lace over crêpe de Chine. Flowers and leaves are in rose-beige and green; the lace tones with the darkest green of the chiffon. Soft floating panels form the very full skirt.

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If you are a fisherman you are in the sphere of salmon at Inverness. If you are going to shoot, it is from Inverness that the grouse moors radiate to the north, west and south—dozens of them.

It is a place of Highland radiation. Hither come and here pass before you all the various grades of folk from the surrounding countryside—the laird from his castle, the shepherd from his moor, the crofter from his holding, the gillie from his stream. Inverness is the recognised centre of the Highland spirit and tradition.

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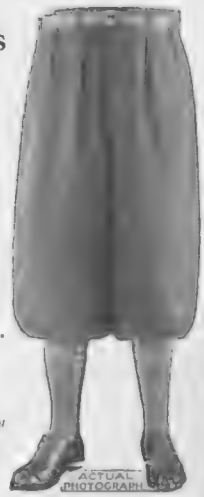

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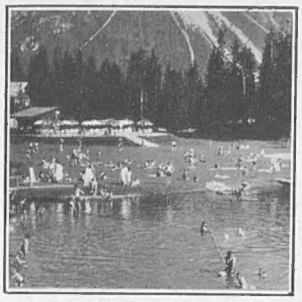

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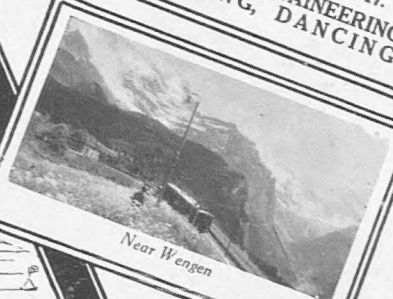

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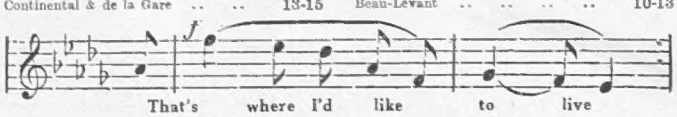

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